

SPECIAL
PARIS

N°6

NORMAL

The Nude, as seen by

LE TURK • IRIS BROSCHE • FRANK HORVAT • RENÉE JACOBS

FRÉDÉRIC FONTENOY • YVES KORTUM • ALEXIA SINCLAIR • HERVÉ LEWIS

NICOLAS GUERIN • GARY BRECKHEIMER • MARC LAMEY • FORMENTO & FORMENTO • CÉDRIC ROULLIAT

N O R M A L

№6

CONTENTS

Avant-Propos p 7



Partie I ---

Gary Breckheimer *p 10*
Cédric Roulliat *p 24*
Renée Jacobs *p 40*

Partie II ---

Iris Brosch *p 62*
Yves Kortum *p 82*
Formento & Formento *p 96*

Partie III ---

Le Turk *p 112*
Frank Horvat *p 138*
Marc Lamey *p 148*
Céline Andrea *p 158*
Alexia Sinclair *p 164*
Frédéric Fontenoy *p 172*

Séries Normal :

Hans Withoos *p 180*
Hervé Lewis *p 186*
Nicolas Guerin *p 200*
Martial Lenoir *p 218*

Flash sur ---

Alex Jonas / Iannis Pledel / Incarnatio /
Jam Abelanet / Tiphaine Popesco /
Bérénice V. / RedBKode

FOREWORD

**The true Parisian hates Paris, but
he can't live anywhere else.**

Alphonse Karr

Why take on Paris as a theme for our 6th Issue? The choice was made spontaneously after a member of the team said «Why not Paris?», the idea seemed almost too obvious. We don't particularly love Paris, even though that's where the editorial board is based. Life in Paris is stressful, the air is stifling, traffic is impossible and people are both depressed and depressing.

But this isn't the Paris which inspired our photographers, but rather the one of the Invalides, the Grands Boulevards, Pigalle, Montmartre, the Canal, Ménilmontant, Jussieu, la Cité, the banks of the Seine river, the Latin district or the Louvre courtyard; the Cosmopolitan Paris with its Chinese districts, its Turks, its Indians from La Chapelle, its Jews from the Marais, its gay area.

Paris, the birthplace of photography. On July 3rd 1839, Arago presents at the French Academy of Sciences Daguerre's invention: the daguerreotype ...

Paris, cradle of eroticism and nude photography. Thanks to the daguerreotypes, the first nude photographs appear in the rare studios which the capital tallies up back then. Unique prints are sold for a fortune near the train stations, carefully kept "under the coat", well away from prying eyes. They are even exported to "keen customers" from England and the United-States.

Paris, fashion capital since the end of the 17th century and the only capital of Haute Couture.

In perfect harmony with our editorial line, Paris is a city of art, fashion and the nude art form. It boasts a noble and revolutionary past, it's both sacred and profane, courteous and libertine, aesthetic and opulent, dynamic and creative. It is this magic which transpires in the photographs we are presenting you.

The Editorial Board



PARTIE I

Paris, the Nude capital

GARY BRECKHEIMER



BODY AND MATTER, FLESH AND STONE

After working for three decades in the world of commercial photography, Gary transitions from fashion to fine arts and develops a penchant for black and white imagery. He focuses on the juxtaposition of beauty: making the feminine shapes perceptible in and against an industrial and manufactured environment. His intention is to allow the viewers to contemplate the relationship between the man and its urban

environment. We come-up against elements of the unexpected combined with solitude, reflecting all the eroticism in his work. As an artist, his objective is to create photographs in which the story and meaning aren't immediately obvious. The idea is to take pictures which attract the viewer and draw him to a deeper examination so that his vision on the relationship between man and sexuality can lead to infinite conclusions.









Could you describe your work in a few words ?

My work embodies a stark sensuality. The naked woman is vulnerable in her utter exposure. She faces the surrounding world and its harshness with a strength of her own. Being naked is more profound than being simply without clothing. It leads us to the critical eyes of society, and my typical woman seizes this challenge with a daring claim. I love architectural curves and lines, and I like to associate them with feminine subjects which are taking a sometimes macabre, sometimes intimate pose which always requires to be interpreted.

How do you choose your locations ?

Choosing a location is often a question of rigorous and intensive research. I spend days, and each time, I realise that they are more than just locations. I must take the light into account, and the textures. The time of day is also a decisive factor. I must also be sure I can do it !

When do you undertake your shootings? Obviously very early...

Yes, I like when the sun is at its lowest point, in an overcast sky and sometimes rainy even weather.

What are the most common reactions of passers-by during a photoshoot ?

Most of the time, people are waiting until the end of the shooting, they applaud and thank us for brightening their day!

I assume you have had some spats with the police ?

Yes, many times. The most memorable was in Beverly Hills, California. I had started to take a picture in front of the Beverly Hills Central police station.

Right after, we were getting ready for the next one a few meters away. That's when four police cars came out of nowhere! Flashing lights, car-doors bursting open with eight policemen coming out, gun-in-hand. Intense! I thought this time I was going to end up at the station. They separated us and asked us what we were doing. So I spontaneously told the four policemen around me who I was and what I was doing, leaving the «nude» part aside. Then, one of them asked me if the model was wearing something underneath her coat. I smiled and said «nothing». After identification and a lot of questions, they took our handcuffs off and said: «If we get another call about you, you're going to jail». Apparently, they weren't in close collaboration with the policeman who arrested me the next day !

Any neurosis ?

The irregularity and the variability of my images' horizon lines. I adjust them all the time, from top to bottom and from the bottom up...

Any object which looks like you?

Le miroir Times « Man of the Year », dans le manoir de Jeffrey Lebowski.

Why are your models always naked and why isn't there any place in your universe for accessories or stylists ?

I had done fashion photography for a decade when I started my carrier as a photographer.

I still shoot portraits because I like the link, the connection created with the subject. I focus on women, all kinds of women, all kinds of sizes, shapes, curves and tones. Clothes have the essential function of hiding the subtle and marvellous differences of the feminine bodies. By focusing equally on this urban dimension, I don't look at the model as a sexual being but more like a powerful and strong being. This is a story of domination and sacralisation in

a rude environment extolling masculine domination.

What did you give up becoming an art photographer ?

A regular income.

Your favourite hobby ?

When I was young my hobby was photography, now it is my career so we can say that my hobby is my career in the end.

What constitutes bad taste, for you ?

There really isn't any, as long as people express themselves through art without resorting to trash in order to shock.

Questions on Paris :

A bar ?

The Marly café by night, or the Chartier to spend some good time with friends.

Your favourite district ?

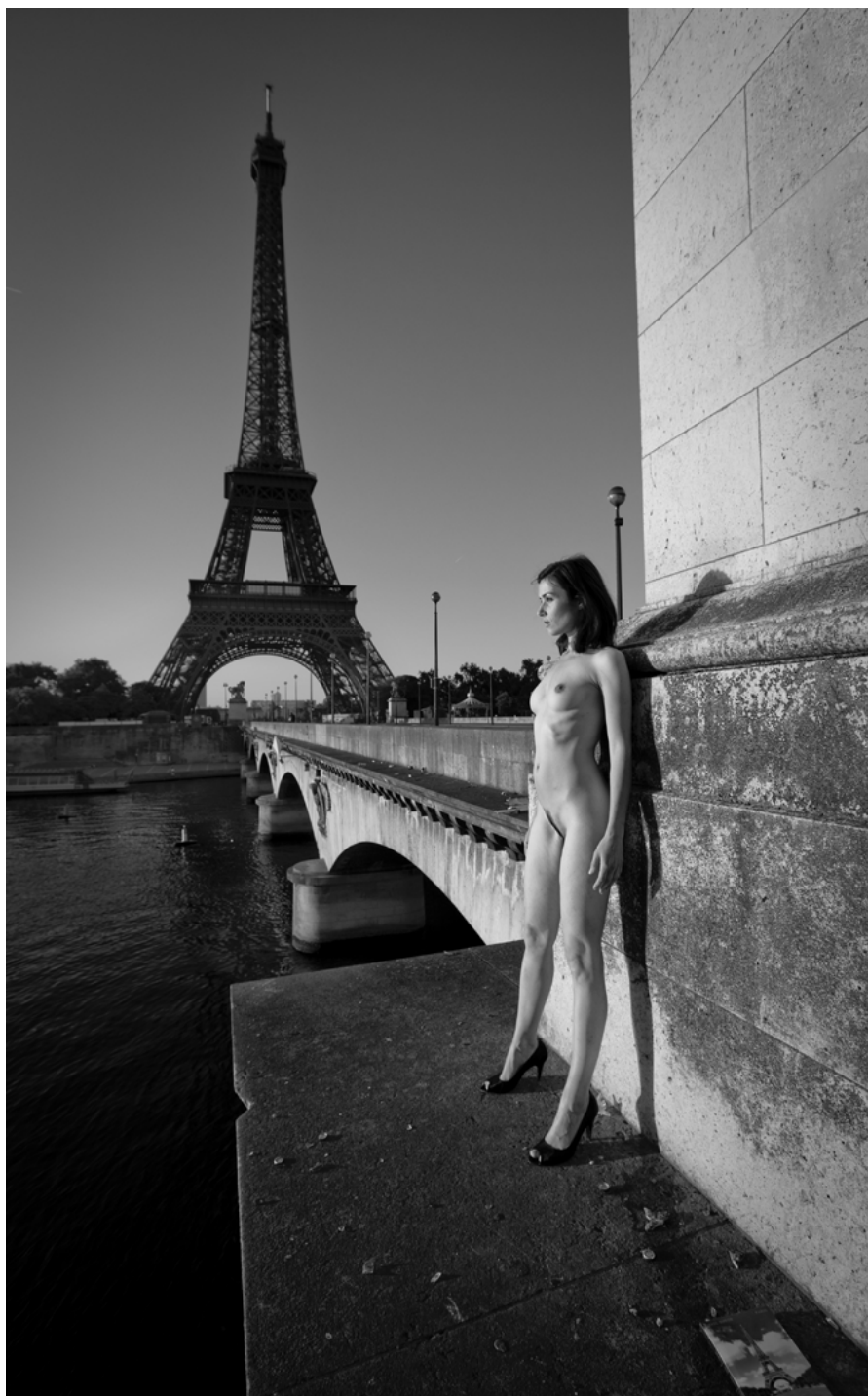
I have lived Paris for two and a half years in the 90s. I have lived in many districts, mostly the 9th arrondissement next to the Rue des Martyrs which blew my mind because of its cafés and Pigalle's nightlife. I have also lived in the 1st arrondissement, which remains my favourite. I could then see my friends on the Pont des Arts and drink wine watching the sunset.

Your favourite shop ?

The street corner deli when I used to live in the 9th. The place was owned by two sisters who didn't speak a word of English. At that time, I didn't speak French, but yet we had long conversations about the delicious desserts they offered. They religiously taught me the name of each of them and we would sit down to taste them together. I also really like the Shakespeare and Co. bookshop and the Galeries Lafayette.

...









Your last exhibition ?

«I want your picture»

One thing you hate in Paris ?

Two things! Changes in the metro stations which sometimes makes you walk for hours. And the lovers' lockers on the bridges which give the impression to be a commercial purpose.

The most photogenic place ?

Paris is full of architectural beauty. Walking the streets, I have seen the light reflecting itself on the cobblestones where an old man hurried, a warm baguette under his arm, starting his day. Walking along the Louvre at night and seeing the glass pyramid's shimmering through the fog, it is exceptional! I also remember the view from a friend's apartment which looked over this Parisian mass with the Eiffel Tower in the back. This cloudy, deep-blue sky is something I never get tired of shooting. It all depends again on moods!





PIGALLE

Paris' red fairy

By Edgar Rabe

The Pigalle area is one of the most cosmopolitan and colourful areas of Paris. Its story is to be told. Sunk in the darkness of its lively nights, lit-up by the aggressive and concupiscent red halo of the neon lights, Pigalle was the meeting crossroads of all the vices, where many artists went to brothels to heal a profound solitude drinking absinthe and catching syphilis in the arms of prostitutes. The Chat Noir is the first cabaret to open in 1881, bringing birth to the sulphurous reputation of the area. Seeing a horizon of possibilities, individuals from all kinds settled in the neighbourhood, offering shows against good moral standards. Alcohol flows, women uncover and the pimps cut themselves a sharp little slice of heaven. Eight years after the opening of the Chat Noir, a place which became famous worldwide, lights up: never to shut down again: the Moulin Rouge. Numerous celebrities, quite famous, visit the place and its surroundings, Toulouse Lautrec (considered by many as the soul of Montmartre) and Van Gogh, among others.

The 1900s stamp the lasting settlement of new inhabitants: criminals. Pimps, racketeers, professional gamblers, crooks ... Pigalle is to the gangland what Tortuga was to piracy: a place of debauchery where everything can be bought and everything can be sold. In the 20s, all the brothels were at the hands of the criminals. At night time, artists leave their virtue in the cloakroom and mingle with men of bad reputation and courtesans. At the Cafés' terraces, it's all business talk: criminals are starting import-export businesses, white-slavery traffic is at its highest and heroine is a hit in Europe. But the gangsters' peace is hanging by a thread. In the 30's, the situation is troublesome and unstable for the European governments and so it is for the Parisian milieu. Coming from the south of France, from Toulon and Marseille, even directly from their

original Island, the Corsicans understood the financial potential of the area. As chance would have it, sex trafficking is their specialty. The only difficulty lies in the competition, which will need to be taken care of. For a while, the desiccated sound of guns being cocked and the resounding barking of buck-shots would set the tone for the locals of the ninth district. Finally, the Parisians lose the war. The More's head is floating above the area, the Corsicans are the new masters. In 1941, the cracklings of the boots resonate on the Parisian cobblestone, the 3rd Reich troops are multiplying in Paris. Willy-nilly, these gangland guys continue their business with the occupiers. They also receive members from the Carlingue, holding a bad reputation, those French Gestapo assistants who, once the dirty job accomplished, come spend some good time in the brothels. Work hard, play hard... In 1946, the Marthe Richard's Law puts an end to regulated prostitution and brothels. But this doesn't stop the pimps from sending their «girls» to work. Hand-in-hand with hotels' managers, transforming their establishments in hourly motels where prostitutes receive their clients. With time, prostitution is more discrete, in the 60's and 70's, the evolution of morals opens up to pornographic cinemas and striptease clubs which settle in the area. The neighbourhood becomes a touristic attraction, with the establishment of concert venues and music shops. Pigalle's neighbourhood is now clearly associated with Nudity. It is then the cornerstone of its business. It is an integral part of its story. History was lived and made by honourable men, morning glories, tortured artists in want of affection, Bourgeois and workers, low-income earners and ambitious people. So many stereotypes which can hardly describe this anthill that has been this «city within the city» crawling with a whole gallery of angels with dirty faces.





CEDRIC

ROULLIAT



As a comic book creator until his 30s, Cédric Roulliat naturally turned to photography, fascinated by popular forms of narration like films, the Photo Novella, or advertising. Born in 1973, Cédric Roulliat is that self-taught man. At 17, he finds his grandfathers material in the attic: a silver Canon, opticals, and an enlarger made in the 70s.





Cédric Roulliat's models appear in scenes essentially based on feminine figures of desire, solitude, or folly; of standardised emotional pantone from the Hollywood B movies. Some incongruous situations or clichés flirting with the absurd and dementia in a normalised stereotyped world. Here, the fixed image gives a glimpse of a bigger story, with a before and an after, a past and a future, as an enigma to resolve, a puzzle to complete, a series to follow. Between the imagery of Guy Bourdin, the world of Alan Moore and B. E. Ellis' gift for writing, these artificially conceived scenes are also a tribute to the Golden age of Hollywood, influenced by the fantastic, the American classicism, the *série-noire*, or the

Grimm Brothers. The composition is inverted in front of classical models, men become objects in front of women with intense testosterone, for a more troublesome finish. The man is an object of desire, a Ken in an artificial plastic.

«Cédric Roulliat's photographs tell the story of limited objects which artificiality serves as decency. Covered with vintage dresses, wearing fake eyelashes and fake nails, they are frost heroines on glossy paper, Mrs Bovarys of daily horror, they faced their destiny in a cruel excessiveness. In his portraits, women are real visual slaves, whose sexuality is invested in household arts. Swindled by the outside world even more than by masculine oppression, beauty is their revenge on the world.»







NON

NON

NON

NON

NON

PEUT-ETRE

















RENÉE JACOBS

INTIMATE AND SENSUAL CEREMONY IN PARIS



Renée Jacobs was born in Philadelphia and currently lives in Los Angeles. She starts her career with photojournalism and works freelance for various newspapers and magazines, such as the New York Times and the Philadelphia Inquirer. She publishes a book, “Slow Burn”, on environmental questions. She then enrolls in law studies and practices for 15 years as a civil and Constitutional Rights lawyer. Finally, she gives up the legal calling to go back to photography. In 2006, she receives a prize for a nude photography.

“Being a lawyer, I was very serious, too serious, I even thought that nude photography was exploiting women. At this time, my life was rather dull, so I started taking pictures of female nudes. That is when I realised that there was nothing more beautiful and more rejuvenating after 15 years of conflict and agony.”

Renée Jacobs is one of the most famous contemporary female nude photographer and her work has been showed and published all around the world. Her photography, which evolves in intimacy, is a sensual and sensorial interpretation of the woman, projected to the viewer’s eyes, as a murmur, a secret intimately disclosed. A black-and-white world, beyond erotic vulgarity, a dreamlike voyage made of fantasy, desire, a battering of passions. Sometimes voyeur, sometimes exhibitionist, the woman moves in a natural environment, going out, showing herself, exposing herself and screaming to the world in a forbidden release that she exists, she lives, proud, powerful and sexual.















LAT

ULAT

AMBASSADE DE SAVOIE

RUE
NORVING

OMELETTES
Omelette fromage et foie gras 8
Omelette jambon 8
Omelette saumon 8
Omelette champignons 8
Omelette fromage et champignons 8

SALADES
Salade Pâtisserie 11
Salade de Vichy 12
Salade de Cornichon 12
Salade Navarraise 12

CLASSIQUES
Coeur d'Artichaut 8
Fajolade à la provençale 12

CRÔTES
à la Normande 5
à la Crêmière de France 8
à la Crêmière d'Alsace 8
à la Normande 8
Fajolade au saumon 7
Appelant Chaud 10
Saumon cuit 10

OWT6 53W





What is Renée Jacobs' style ?

"Erotic journalism"

Your main character trait ?

I am very emotional. I am drugged with kindness. I am astonished, delighted and incredibly moved by kindness.

The one you hate ?

Self-doubt. I am a woman, I do what my hormones tell me to do.

Is there a line between eroticism and nude ?

I'd like to think that there is none. I think corporal landscape photography deliberately tries to avoid eroticism, but I think that leaves a limited capacity for the viewer to reach. We are all erotic beings and if a photographer tries to deny it in female nude photographs, he misses out something fundamental. As one of my models nicely said: "we are all animals, really".

The part of the body you prefer to shoot ?

Hair! I love beautiful long hair floating in the wind or water.

Which photography marked you the most ?

Lella, from Edouard Boubat. I always

wondered why everyone still tries to photograph women after seeing this image. It says it all: beauty, elegance, desire, lust, intelligence, sadness ... an absolutely amazing picture.

What inspires you in the women body ?

Grace. There are certain women, especially Europeans, who move with such elegance. My dream is to depict a woman at the peak of her intelligence sliding through the world, with her secrets of desire and amazement.

What are you defending ?

The right of a woman to be as sexual and powerful as she wants. As I often said: repression is the enemy. Especially for women.

Your projects ?

The editor of my book Paris, la Galerie Vernais, is going to realise the book from my Polaroid works. I am working on two other books projects "ITALIE" and "WET", a super secret and very erotic project. I haven't showed it yet, but I think the best way to present this very provocative work is to show it in a way that will maximise that.

Your favourite city ?

Paris, of course !

Questions about Paris :

Your last night out in Paris ?

My last night out in Paris was for the release of my book PARIS. It was incredible and moving to have so many of my models and friends in the same space to celebrate the incredible trip !

A favourite bar / restaurant ?

I have always had marvellous and unpredictable moments at the counter of the George V.

Your favourite arrondissement / area ?

My favourite spot on earth remains the Jardin du Luxembourg.

The place where you would like to shoot ?

I'd love to shoot at the top of the Notre-Dame Tower without this hideous gate they put.

The most photogenic place ?

The entire city! The cradle of photography. The home and the heart of intellectual eroticism. I know Parisians have a tendency to hate Paris, I actually love Paris. I am a Parisian !

















THE PALAIS-ROYAL GARDEN, A PLACE OF WONDER AND PERDITION.

Where, in November 1787, Bonaparte loses his virginity.

In 1628, on the former location of the Rambouillet Hotel, the Cardinal Richelieu builds the Palais-Cardinal, bequeathed to Louis XIV, still a child, who quickly leaves the “Palais-Royal” for Versailles, in order to avoid the troubles of the Fronde Revolution. His predecessor and genitor used to live on the other side, at the Louvre. On the eve of the French Revolution, the palace belongs to the Duke of Orleans who, after a fire, rebuilds it in 1773. This is when he asks for the realisation of the arcade pavilions on the sides of the garden. To pay off his debts, he decides to rent them out as boutiques and apartments.

Numerous cafés set up under the galleries, visited by some great minds... and prostitutes, encouraged by the police ban to enter within the gardens. Royal residency, place of debauch, revolutionary melting pot, literary meeting point, headquarters of the Comédie Française ... At the “Grand-Véfour”, the famous Parisian gastronomic establishment, Diderot rubs shoulders with Madame de Staël or Fragonard who died from apoplexy eating a sorbet in one of those cafés. Numerous revolutionary initiatives were born at the Palais Royal. This is here that Charlotte Corday bought the knife with which she killed Marat, in July 1793.

At the end of the 18th-century, the garden becomes a hotspot for Parisian prostitution, and ever since the construction of its galleries, it is famous for being the meeting place of the girls who came to make their trade (they said back then “to make their palace”). They are between 12 and 40 years old and altogether between 600 and 800

girls residing in the Palais-Royal.

The young Bonaparte likes to visit the Palais-Royal, one of the only places where you could come across “a priest, a thief or a prostitute”. On November 22nd, 1787, Bonaparte, still a sub-lieutenant and 18 years old then, chooses to lose his virginity with a prostitute from Brittany, walking along the arcades of the Palais-Royal.

In his secret diary, which he will keep from 1769 to 1869, he says: “I was coming out from the Boulevard des Italiens and I was striding along the alleys of the Palais-Royal. My soul, agitated by the vigorous feelings which characterise it, helped me to bare the cold with indifference; but, as my imagination cooled down, I felt the rigours of the season and entered in the galleries. I was at the threshold of those iron gates when my eyes wandered on a person from the opposite sex. The time, the height, her great youth, didn’t make me doubt that she was a lady. I looked at her: she stopped, not with this grenadier look like the others, but with the look perfectly suited for her appearance. This connection struck me. Her timidity encouraged me and I spoke to her... I spoke to her, I, who, penetrated more than anyone by the hideousness of her state, always thought to be sullied by only one look... But her pale complexion, her feeble physique, didn’t hold me back an instant. I thought, either she is a person who will be useful for my observation, or she is just a log.

You must be quite cold, I told her, how can you resolve yourself to go through the alleys?

Ah! Sir, hope keeps me going. I must

finish my night.

The indifference with which she pronounced those words, this phlegmatic answer overwhelmed me and I went with her.

You seem to be of very weak constitution. I am surprised you’re not tired of this job.

Ah! Damn, Sir, one must be working.

This may be, isn’t there a job better suited to your health?

No sir, one must live.

I was pleased, I saw at least she was answering me, a success which had not been awarded to all the attempts I had made.

You must be from some Northern countries, since you can brave the cold. I am from Nantes, in Brittany.

I know this country ... Miss, you must give me the pleasure of telling the loss of your...

An officer took it from me.

Are you angry about it?

Oh! Yes, I can confirm. (Her voice had a taste, an unctious which I had not yet perceived). I can confirm. My sister is currently well-established. Why not me?

How did you come to Paris?

The officer who debased me, whom I hate, abandoned me. I had to flee from a mother’s indignation. A second one introduced himself, took me to Paris, left me, and a third, with whom I just spent three years, followed suit. Although French, his affairs called him to London where he is now. Let’s go to your place.

But what will we do?

Come on, we will warm up and you will quench your desire.

I was far away from becoming scrupulous, I had annoyed her so that

she would not escape when she would be rushed by the reasoning I was preparing her, distorting an honesty which I wanted to prove to her I did not have.”

Bonaparte then lead her, on this cold night of November, to the Cherbourg Hotel, on rue du Four-Saint-Honoré (today rue de Vauvilliers), where he had a small room...

This activity at the Palais-Royal will end with the future king Louis-Philippe, to whom the palace and its garden will be returned. As soon as he is in power in 1830, Louis-Philippe regulates prostitution, from now on forbidden outside of licensed brothels. The Palais-Royal is deserted when, in 1836, other measures add up, such as the closing of gaming rooms and dives. With the ladies of the night and the gamblers, the entire youth is leaving the place to withdraw onto the boulevards. Nevertheless, literature will not leave the place, with figures such as Jean Cocteau and Colette, who spent the rest of her life over there.

The Palais-Royal constitutes the symbol of an entire urban mythology of the gallant Paris, Capital of pleasure and of debauchery for the 18th century's European elite. An economical and sexual enclave, this space is an example of a new geography of sexual entertainment in the great European metropolis and allows to ask the question of redefining the links between Business and sexuality at the turn of the century. During the Revolutionary period, the decline of the great brothels of the Ancient Regime, the increase of the number of Parisian prostitutes and



the decriminalisation of prostitution in 1791 as part of the revision of the criminal and correctional codes by the revolutionaries contribute to the imposition of the Palais as the centre stage of prostitution.

PARTIE II

Paris, where nudity is fashionable

IRIS BROSCH





Biography
IRIS BROSCHE





CONTEMPORARY CLASSICISM

Iris' photographs are living paintings. She celebrates classical painters such as Botticelli, Ingres, or Rubens but tainted with modernism, where feminine sensuality reveals itself and is played on an opulent stage. There is a classical composition, but what is claimed is the strength of the picture. She wants to show feminine women, charismatic and strong. These women are heroines, goddesses, myths ... A photographer and director, she lives between New York, London and Paris. She realises artistic videos and performances. In 2005 she realises the multimedia performance DIVINTA inspired by living paintings, mixing different artistic disciplines such as photography, fashion, music, art and dance to realise "a totally feminine piece of art". In June 2011, Brosch shows at the Di Venezia Biennale her Requiem for Women performance, which constitutes a reminiscence of violence, persecutions and repressions undergone by all women forever since. During the International Fashion Photography Festival in 2008 in Cannes, Iris Brosch photographs are displayed on the signs and screens of the festivals palace. In 2010, her pictures are showed during the ALL ABOUT COLOURS exhibition in Vienna.







We met Iris Brosch mid July in Paris. There was an air of holidays in the capital which was slowly emptying out. She set up an appointment at her studio, in front of the Square du Temple, a Baroque and rococo apartment, saturated with ornamented objects and gilded furniture coming from the Drouot auction sales. That day, we discovered a tall woman, with a strong Austrian accent, who made fun of everything with a burning desire to live and to create.

How would you define the Iris Brosch style ?

Feminine, romantic and at the same time very strong, I am not afraid of eroticism. On one side feminine and

powerful and on the other, romantic and erotic, I wanted to play with those two notions.

What is your definition of eroticism ?

That it should be beautiful, that it should create desire (laughter).

You claim the fact to shoot real women, real people, outside of the criteria imposed by fashion? Why ?

Yes! Young, older, large, plump... I think that in the fashion industry we are limited. The danger lies in formatting Barbies and Kens. Everything is the same, everything is homogeneous, there is no difference. It is very dangerous for society to create puppets, women who look like dolls in the end. We must create images that look like us, like me, like you. We must create a healthier

society without this lying normative mask.

In your commission work, have you already proposed non-standard models ?

It is very difficult. Sometime ago, before plump became a little bit fashionable, I often made offers, it was about 10 years ago. I wanted to use plump women from Picasso's paintings, where women fly, and I was told it was not possible because Picasso represented nude women. Now it is changing a little but it is still limited, there are two categories: Neither too old, neither too big ... it is still controlled. I proposed to the New York Times to realise a series of women after the menopause, something very erotic and I remember the news editor in front of me who understood as she was herself in her menopause and the board of directors didn't want to or

...





*“I SHOW REAL MEN AND
REAL WOMEN, REAL PEOPLE
WITH A WITTY SPIRIT,
A HEART AND WHO ARE
HAVING FUN, AND NEVER
OBJECTS. IT IS NOT EASY.
AT THE START, THERE
WEREN'T MANY
FEMALE FASHION
PHOTOGRAPHERS,
AND IT WAS DIFFICULT FOR
ME TO GET BIG BUDGETS.
TODAY, I THINK THAT BEING
A WOMAN IS ONE OF MY
MAIN ASSETS*



...

couldn't. This series of women in their menopause, the magazine has just made it happen, and by a Young French guy, with porn stars.

This makes me think of Dove, one of the very first ads with plump women, realised by Rankin. The problem of this ad is that we show non sensual women, in big ugly panties. Even with Claudia Schiffer, the picture of these panties would have been horrid. Why are we depriving them of eroticism? Thanks to Dove, now, we can find more images of sexy plump women. When we show old women, or large women, why do we have to make them asexual? This is typical, we must go slowly. Sometimes I can be too radical!

But each proposition has been a refusal, yes. And now, I produce myself, it tires me to propose ideas which will be taken and reframed. The problem today is that we want many things aligned, formatted. 10 years, 15 years ago, we wouldn't show plump women, and now it's a fashion, it is repeated again and again, we are not reinventing ourselves, there isn't any novelty in photography and especially in fashion photography. Everyone copies everyone.

I read that it was hard for you to pick up the big contracts at the beginning, as a woman photographer, how did that happen?

It was never really clearly said (laughter). Years ago, when I was working in Europe, my agent told me that clients have asked if I could hold the camera. This problem was everywhere. When it comes to money, there's always a doubt: can she carry the camera? Take the responsibility? Hold the budget? At the moment when it comes to little shootings, there are many women photographers who are working and making editorials, but look at those who have budgets, it represents one woman out of 10 men! It is still true today! There are many women photographers, but not often for big contracts, if the client can choose, he will unfortunately choose the man.



And Annie Leibowitz for example?

In the United States it is completely different! America actually helped me a lot. When I was young, I wanted to study fine arts. I wasn't admitted in Germany, so I came to France, to Paris. Everything was beautiful, streets, architecture, literature... Fine arts were Paris for me! I learned French, I was a model, and I started to take pictures myself. I got interested in the technique, the paper, the light, the work in the darkroom... I worked a lot! The experience in the darkroom was extraordinary. I do regret that by the way, that the young people started directly digital without seeing this magic: realising and creating a photograph! I started to earn a living

doing tests for actresses, then for pregnant women, and then I entered the world of the "family picture", quite unsophisticated. And then I left for the United States, in New York and that is where I really succeeded, where I was lucky to do real business with real budgets. Being a woman over there was maybe a little difficult but it was possible. And I had very good agents, I was well assisted. I count on going back soon, big contracts are signed over there! There is a lack of trust here, and it is typically European. We prefer booking in the United States, we are really reassured, there is no budget here !

Your beauty criteria as a woman photographer ?

In the United States it is completely different! America actually helped me a lot. When I was young, I wanted to study fine arts. I wasn't admitted in Germany, so I came to France, to Paris. Everything was beautiful, streets, architecture, literature... Fine arts were Paris for me! I learned French, I was a model, and I started to take pictures myself. I got interested in the technique, the paper, the light, the work in the darkroom... I worked a lot! The experience in the darkroom was extraordinary. I do regret that by the way, that the young people started directly digital without seeing this magic: realising and creating a photograph! I started to earn a living doing tests for actresses, then for pregnant women, and then I entered the world of the "family picture", quite unsophisticated. And then I left for the United States, in New York and that is where I really succeeded, where I was lucky to do real business with real budgets. Being a woman over there was maybe a little difficult but it was possible. And I had very good agents, I was well assisted. I count on going back soon, big contracts are signed over there! There

is a lack of trust here, and it is typically European. We prefer booking in the United States, we are really reassured, there is no budget here!

So you're very romantic? In your life as in your compositions!

Yes, and I find that young girls aren't anymore, they are strong! (laughter). They don't want to be victims anymore, it must not be easy everyday! France has always been free. The world envies this libido, while laughing about the economical crisis you're suffering from. This traditional freedom of the body, in France, is very pleasant, but you don't see it!

*Questions about Paris :***Your first impression when you came to Paris ?**

The sheer beauty of it all and the typical Parisian individualism. Even the taxi driver is so individualistic here that it becomes incredible, I'm not even talking about the clients. He thinks he is the king of the world! This is France! Where everyone thinks he is royalty !

Your favourite restaurant ?

On rue Saint-Dominique, chez Jean-François Piège. Two stars, very expensive but very good! You must ask people to invite you! I love chic things but also popular ones, like Chez Omar, a couscous restaurant near-by, on rue de Bretagne.

Your favourite arrondissement ?

I am lazy ! the 3rd !

Your next night out in Paris ?!

With you guys, of course! (laughter).

















YVES KORTUM



Yves Kortum starts his higher education in photography in 1990. Quickly, he leaves school to become the main assistant of an important photographer who offered him the position. In 1993, he arrives in Paris and start to work for a renowned model agency. One year later, he realises his first cover for Elle magazine. In 1996, he starts working for Elite Vienna and takes care of the photographs and scouting in eastern Europe countries. In 2000, he settles in Luxembourg, his hometown, where he opens his studio. His current work is still linked with fashion and nude.

Your photography style, in one sentence ?

A sharp black and white, dramatic and sensual with a hint of Helmut Newton!

What is your vision of nude photography and how do you use it ?

A nude for me must be simple and pure, beautiful curves in order to highlight the body's beauty, to play with shadows, lights in order to make curves more aesthetic. For me, a nude shouldn't in any case show private parts.

Which elements, in your opinion, make a good picture ?

I organise every single aspect of my pictures. I look for an idea, I create a storyboard as in a movie, either with drawings or with inspirational photographs. Then, I look for a team: make up, hairdresser, designer, etc. I organise the session, study the light, the poses... but what is going to make this photo a success, it is a factor on which I am waiting for and on which I count on all the time: chance. Chance can be gust of wind, something falling down, a spontaneous expression, unpredicted, a funny face from the model, a move, someone passing by...

Your main character trait ?

Ambitious and passionate.

The one you're the least proud of ?

Often doubtful.

An indispensable object ?

My diary.

What are the qualities of a good model ?

A model must understand what the photographer wants of her, I give lines to follow but then the model must develop them with

me, together. As everything in a photo shoot, it's a team effort.

What is the limit between eroticism and nude ? (if there is one).

For me, pictures where we reveal the private parts are partially already erotic.

If you weren't a photographer...

A priest !

Your projects ?

I am working on two new books, one called "THE MORNING BEAUTY" showing denuded women wearing lingerie in hotel rooms in the morning. The second one will be a photo guidebook of Paris in B&W. I will take my old pictures and modernise them.

Questions about Paris :

Your favourite clubs and venues in Paris ?

The Arc, Matignon, the Zenith or the Grand Rex

Your ideal "after"?

After work at the Costes Hotel.

Favourite arrondissement ?

The 7th

Favourite monument ?

Joan of arc

The most photogenic place for you ?

All of Paris is photogenic but I love the Bir-Hakeim bridge.

Do you always go out with your camera ?

Never !

















A L'ARC DE TRIOMPHE

Oh ! Paris est la cité mère !
Paris est le lieu solennel
Où le tourbillon éphémère
Tourne sur un centre éternel !
Paris ! feu sombre ou pure étoile !
Morne Isis couverte d'un voile !
Araignée à l'immense toile
Où se prennent les nations !
Fontaine d'urnes obsédée !
Mamelle sans cesse inondée
Où pour se nourrir de l'idée
Viennent les générations !

Quand Paris se met à l'ouvrage
Dans sa forge aux mille clameurs,
A tout peuple, heureux, brave ou sage,
Il prend ses lois, ses dieux, ses mœurs.
Dans sa fournaise, pêle-mêle,
Il fond, transforme et renouvelle
Cette science universelle
Qu'il emprunte à tous les humains ;
Puis il rejette aux peuples blêmes
Leurs sceptres et leurs diadèmes,
Leurs préjugés et leurs systèmes,
Tout tordus par ses fortes mains !

Ville qu'un orage enveloppe !
C'est elle, hélas ! qui, nuit et jour,
Réveille le géant Europe
Avec sa cloche et son tambour !
Sans cesse, qu'il veille ou qu'il dorme,
Il entend la cité difforme
Bourdonner sur sa tête énorme
Comme un essaim dans la forêt.
Toujours Paris s'écrie et gronde.
Nul ne sait, question profonde !
Ce que perdrait le bruit du monde
Le jour où Paris se tairait !

Victor Hugo, (1802-1885)
Les voix intérieures











FORMENTO & FORMENTO

We have been closely following the duo Formento & Formento for quite a while already; BJ and Richeille have become friends. The editorial team is fascinated by their light, their ideas and their unshakable joie de vivre. Walking in Paris (or elsewhere) and raising your gaze is enough to see some Formento, on display in A0 format, at the Yellow Korner bookshop in front of Beaubourg, in the offices of Réaumur Street, in the hotels of the 9th arrondissement, in palaces, in restaurants of the 1st. Many private individuals are taking advantage of low prices proposed by local shops claiming to be galleries, in order to buy themselves a great photograph on glazed paper for a bargain, without even realising that they aren't artwork, printed at more than 1,000 copies. Yet, the Formentos have bet on it, nonetheless without neglecting limited and signed series, and it works ...

From now on, they are living in Miami, after traveling across the United States seeking for inspiration and creation. Constantly searching, driven by the desire to move, they run around the world to find the rare pearl, a Hollywood decor in Canada, the colour festival in India, Italy, Cuba, revisiting myths in their own way, they revive Elvis, give life to zombies all the way to the great white shark of Jaws ...

















Can you describe your style as a good friend of yours would ?

Good question, an informal description! A friend would say our work is interesting, lunatic, dark, cinematic, staged, controversial, memorable, well lit and sexy...

If you could invite three people for dinner ?

Richard Avedon, Albert Einstein and David Bowie.

If you were elected President, what would be your first decision ?

Put an end to hatred in the world !

Any recommendation for a beginner in photography ?

Learn how to develop prints and films in the darkroom. It gives a little bit more credit to this medium in this digital era.

Your typical day ?

Yoga, email, Facebook, swim, breakfast, search and retouch, play the guitar, cook, dine, Apple TV.

Your favourite book ?

Tales of Ordinary Madness, Bukowski.

The movie which made you cry ?

Cinema Paradiso

Anyone you'd never dare to write to ?

No one !

One question we didn't ask you ?

How Richeille and I met. I love this story. Richeille worked for a company in London as an Artistic Director and was entrusted with a long shooting mission in Miami. I was living in London at the time, and I was commissioned to shoot with her. In two days, we were "together". A brilliant shooting and a long and incredible friendship followed. After a few weeks of work and amusement, we both went our own way, saying goodbye. Less than a week later, I subleased my apartment, jumped in a plane for London, and we moved in together. We got married three months later. This year, we are celebrating our 10 years wedding anniversary !







PARTIE III

Paris, the Art of Nude

LE TURK



If we might believe in the unique confession on his website, a subterfuge of biographical elements, the attempt to explain the character is absurd and futile. “A biography would be useless. The Turk was simply bored one night, listening by accident to the Passion according to Saint John of Johann Sebastian Bach, very loud in his headphones. There is nothing outside of this major event, nothing on this desire, this split. Since then, his entire work has been dedicated to what he felt during these eight minutes or so, devoted to the “most authentic and faithful retransmission of the Passion which was born on that night”. It is yet one of the only tangible most genuine truths which will come out of his words and his pictures.

Le Turk is a character, an entity of his own, a singular and erratic concept. Attempting to sum him up in a brief and exhaustive biography would indeed be illusory. His very pseudonym is a mystery, which he keeps on maintaining. Ask him about this stage name and you perpetually will get a different answer, as if this the imagination of the spectator or of the interlocutor was more important than knowledge, as if falsehood was a creative process, stronger than reality, the truth’s lie.

Shaping and modelling falsehood, to

get closer to reality, subliming artefacts to create aestheticism, here lies no denunciation, no other goal than that of the artistic ideal of beauty. Beauty or ugliness by the way. Truth comes from dystopia: exposing humankind, naked, as he is, in a collapsing world. Ugly, beautiful, dirty, disgusting, nasty, sublime, extreme, he is attracted to contraries, no moderation, everything is excess. Prostitutes, mimes, pimps, clowns, people who committed suicide, social outcasts, absurd and pathetic beings moving on a stage where aesthetics are intensified. As a mirror into the face of the world, a reflection of ourselves, where the holder laughs about the subject, the object, the spectator who can only be enthralled, disturbed, moved, as it is all about him. Here, the nude is an ideal of beauty, it is the human condition, the aesthetic of immorality in a post-century world.

He is himself a character of his own photographs, an active actor of his own mental drama, Le Turk, authentic, faithful, ostentatious, in a sacred and profane painting, God, Jesus, Bach, Elvis, Duchamp... He creates the world, in his own image, passionately, mentally. Excessive, DIYer, painter, decorator, tragedian, Le Turk is the most patriotic of the French photographers. He finds the inspiration for his scenes in French history, in the circus, the cabaret, in the Pigalle fashion, in Parisian revolutions,

the “Paris Commune” (p. 116) from the Christ to the Burlesque. His world is inspired from cartoons, Jeunet movies and Otto Dix or Jerome Bosch’s paintings. And even if his photographs are purely staged, they constitute nevertheless stolen life scenes, a captured moment, a conquered instant, made in cardboard, wood, polystyrene and other accessories.

We met the Turk on the eve of his private viewing in an ephemeral gallery close to the St Lazare train station, in May 2015. Here comes a young 30 years old man, a rough capillarity, decked out in a vest covered with decorations and military medals and an old pair of trousers with holes on his bottom. After a few questions where the man holds the mystery around his life and his work, always acting on a permanent theatre stage, we discover a charming character, brilliant, passionate, authentic and in spite of everything, genuine.

“
AESTHETICS,
HERE IS MY
UNIQUE GOAL









HUSH
NOW

GARAGE

A VENDRE

A BAS
LA SOCIÉTÉ
SPECTACULAIRE
MARCHANDE

A BAS
LA SOCIÉTÉ
SPECTACULAIRE
MARCHANDE

VOTRE
20
STELLA

VOTRE
20
STELLA

VOTRE
20
STELLA

VOTRE
20
STELLA

VOTRE
20
STELLA

SALBATAR CIRCUS

LA MELODIE QUI HANTE LE FOND DU MONDE

Journal des Finances

JO PRIVAT EST

Crise

NOCTURNE PARISIEN

Roule, roule ton flot indolent, morne Seine.
Sous tes ponts qu'environne une vapeur malsaine
Bien des corps ont passé, morts, horribles, pourris,
Dont les âmes avaient pour meurtrier Paris.
Mais tu n'en traînes pas, en tes ondes glacées,
Autant que ton aspect m'inspire de pensées !

Qu'il fait bon aux rêveurs descendre de leurs bouges
Et, s'accoudant au pont de la Cité, devant
Notre-Dame, songer, cœur et cheveux au vent !
Les nuages, chassés par la brise nocturne,
Courent, cuivreux et roux, dans l'azur taciturne.
Sur la tête d'un roi du portail, le soleil,
Au moment de mourir, pose un baiser vermeil.

Et tu coules toujours, Seine, et, tout en rampant,
Tu traînes dans Paris ton cours de vieux serpent,
De vieux serpent boueux, emportant vers tes havres
Tes cargaisons de bois, de houille et de cadavres !

Poèmes saturniens
Paul Verlaine



















Where does this pseudonym “Le Turk” come from, whereas you are certainly the photographer who is claimed to be the most French? You seem to give a new version each time ?

And yet there is no lie! I tell the truth each time. I am going to give you the real version wish I very seldom give. In the end of my 18th birthday, I had to go to jail for a few months, and that was the nickname I had in detention. When you tell lies, no one believes you in the end!

Carpenter, photographer, director, what have you done before ?

I clearly don't like doing DIY for the settings. I had to start. DIY is an obligation for me, I cannot let it be done by someone else. I did cinema before and I am seriously getting back to it.

How do you operate for the stage sets ?

First, there is the birth of a desire. Then, you tell your brain to be quiet and you do things. You try to shut yourself down and to let yourself be guided by your vision. At the beginning, you try to hold a hard core, do not let it go and you hold true to it. Afterwards, everything happens as if it was obvious, there isn't 36 million choices. There isn't any theory, the image, the set builds up little by little and when aesthetics are your only guide, there is no choice, I do things because they need to be done. Your set is created just like that, with you, despite you, like that.

So your photography is based only on aesthetics ?

Only losers would want to transcribe something more. There are many things to say. But then, the fact of knowing precisely what I want to

tell, would be pretentious and also inefficient. Someone who succeeds in knowing what he wants, isn't an artist, maybe an accountant, yes, or a philosopher. I don't make books; when you write a philosophical essay, the back cover, the synopsis are going to explain what the writer wanted to put inside! But when you realise pictorial art, logically, everything is inside! It isn't you, inside; it is something else, something that goes beyond you. If you don't let yourself be guided and penetrated by something else, as we are very small, it is not worth starting photography to tell about your trip or your breakfast. There are many things around us and I don't forbid myself to think about them, I forbid myself to make them guide aesthetics. Aesthetics go beyond the concept, it goes beyond the thought. And then you look at the picture, you distance yourself and realise that there are surprising things, like: I put that there... it's a chronicle, I am making a chronicle of a collapsing world, falling apart. I am not the one thinking the world for itself !

Do you draw sketches before the picture ? Self-taught ?

Drawing is what I did at the very beginning. I have been drawing since I was very young. Before photography, I was preparing a cartoon, which I had to put aside, it is what I do the least bad. They are also used as guides for the people you are working with, for the team. You know where you're going, but with a team: you need to pass on information, to get people on track.

Why the circus, why this universe ? Why Opera Mundi, your book ?

At the beginning, Opera Mundi was supposed to be only a picture and I thought it was ideal in order to talk about the truth, the false and how

they intertwine. I love papier-mâché, that's why I never leave the studio. On one side, it is handy, as you can create everything in a studio, but there is an aspect that I love in papier-mâché, it is the true/false, an artificial side of the world reinventing itself, as a folklore, a staging...

What about you, do you put on a performance ?

I am very generous with myself, and of all the models I know, I am by far the most beautiful !

Where do the other characters come from ?

They are very cartoon-like characters, extreme characters, cartoonesque people wearing a costume, playing a part, the social part, wearing a mask with all that this represents. They are people. Persona, in latin, referred to the mask that stage actors wear, I like that idea.

Le Turk, you're the most patriotic photographer we know ???

That's for sure !

I heard you wanted to relay series of Paris ?

It's in progress, after Opera Mundi. We will see. Certain things changed directions, right now I don't know.

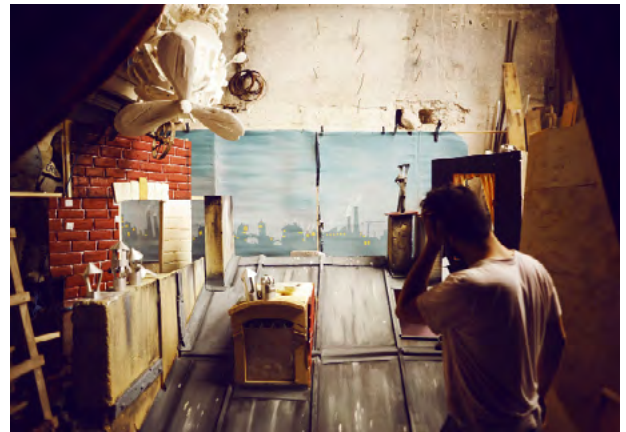
How many ciggies a day ?

It depends on the day, sometimes I don't smoke especially when I sleep, or when I don't have any more ciggies. I don't count, I don't know.

Your greatest ambition ?

I don't have any, to be able, at the end of my life, to smile when I'll die, and that Christ tells me “well done, man!” You need to be frustrated to have ambitions,

...





LA
CABA

TURK'S



AST
ARET
OPERA

PEPPI
FAT
RELLER
WAVE

SUCCES A
SÉRIAL KILLER

IMPOSSIBLE MISSION
AU BOUT DE L'ENFER!

Nesquik

les drôles d'engins vont vous faire
perdre la boussole.

VIDEO JEUX

le Télétonu

...

and I feel very good.

No neurosis ?

Every job is a neurosis. When you work for a very long time, you have to be crazy. Life is outside of that; life isn't photography, it is many other things. At the moment I have no neurosis! Art is health! If you start thinking that art is a neurosis, then you end up with those conceptual spirals which tell you that taking a dump on a canvas is art. That is neurosis animated as hysteria.

You were talking about artificial realisation, to which extent? Is there a form of reality in your work ?

You can handle a stage-set, build up the universe, but as soon as you have people posing, they are not models to whom you are going to say: "put your finger like that", "smile less, more". As soon as you integrate human chaos, you must let it be and see what happens. The aim is to create for them an artificial world which is very clearly defined but to have the impression of taking pictures of people in the streets, and that is real. It's a life scene. You have to or else you end up with very beautiful pictures, but which were killed by the staging because it didn't leave allow the human part to be.

How much time to realise a photograph? The submarine page 132 ?

The submarine: 10 days for the setting and a whole day for the shooting. Ecce homo (p. 113), two months. Certain only take three days.

What is a good picture for you ?

I am going to be a little bit dumb, but the good picture is the one a large audience will recognise as a good one.

At an editorial board, we say a good picture is the one where we recognise its author, and your style is rather inimitable !

All the better! It is the only thing that you have: trying to be singular. There has been an explosion of images those past 15 years. The mimetic desire in images is over powerful. People reproduce nonstop the same type of picture. Sometimes, as in Witkin work, it is nice to see that he's the only one in his niche. Fashion photography, for example, is very standardised and yet there are some beautiful pictures !

We find a lot of nudity in your photography, why is that ?

I am a rather basic guy. When I started photography, I had to find a driving force, girls were one.

The "Le Turk's woman", what does she look like? She, who is so far from standardised criteria ?

Precisely, the problem is that we are in a society with communities, communities of thin women, of large women who are proud to be so, as if there was any pride with being large or thin. I don't give a shit! We must be frank. Girls from agencies or girls weighing over 200 pounds can all be beautiful !

Technical question: what do you shoot with ?

With the same box since the beginning : a D700 and a 50mm which has never left my box. If you want to offer me a Hasselblad, I'll take it. Otherwise I don't care !

Any projects ?

Cinema, at the moment. A short film is in production. Photography is a morons' art. I want to start something where you can really tell something! And there is really something to do with all the stage sets I have! And my book, Opera Mundi, will be soon released !

“ Truth is too naked,
it doesn't turn men on.

Jean Cocteau



BEAUTY is SECRET DANGEROUS
BEAUTY is DANGEROUS













FRANK HORVAT







It was that blessed time of before the sexual revolution. Marthe Richard had just closed the brothels, Christian Dior lengthened the skirts, and the American people came to Paris to watch some striptease show, which although had been imported from the US, but was so much more saucy in the Pigalle clubs. The Stripteases stopped, as required by the vice squad, and with them ended the golden shells, or silvered or starred with cheap sequins, which hid the artist's sex and without which, according to them, they felt naked.

As for me, I didn't yet realised that I was living in "the body age" - as would be named, 40 years later, a photography exhibition, where one of those images, will be in the right place - and I had no intention to inquire into that theme. But I had just settled in Paris, commissions weren't legion, and it was difficult for me to refuse one from a New York "men's magazine", which proposed \$200 for a report on Parisian life.

On Pigalle's sidewalks, the tasselled doormen were

addressing me with welcoming mimics, quickly transformed in disdainful pouts as soon as I had expressed the desire to photograph the backstage. At 2 o'clock in the morning, having endured the refusals from all establishments of the square and of the nearby streets, I decided to do it the hard way. I slipped a five-thousand Franc note in the Sphinx doorman's hand, even though the neon lights of this place were a little bit depleted and the man's uniform not so new. Maybe it was these imperfections which made him decide to take the money and let me in, without any ceremony, in the strippers sanctuary.

These ladies welcomed me pretty well, maybe because the audience, that night, was so mournful that the only fact that a paparazzo was taking care of them gave them a little semblance of importance. On my side, I was snapping away in haste, as if I was foreseeing that my luck wouldn't last long. Indeed, after four or five rolls, one of them told me: "what do you pay"? The demand was not unjustified but I wasn't able to satisfy



it. I pretended not to hear and, without waiting for the others to join it, I beat a retreat.

The day after, going through my contacts, I realised I “had a story” and decided to go back to the Sphynx, all the more that I was charmed by one of the artists, maybe because of the incongruity between her tiny breasts and her generous hips, which made me thought of Baudelaire’s poem:

*Je croyais voir unis par un nouveau dessin
Les hanches de l’Antilope au buste d’un imberbe
Tant sa taille faisait ressortir son bassin...*

Or maybe just because of her name, Yvette, which seems ordinary today, but which, at the time, represented for me all the charms of France.

Unfortunately, the postman doesn’t always ring twice: that evening, I found the entrance of the Sphynx kept by a different guard, who must have received the order

to block access to photographers and who refused every corruption attempt.

By chance, the photographs of my sole session pleased the New York magazine and even many others. A few years later, Vogue reproduced one on a double-page. A Swiss editor proposed to turn it into a book, which encouraged me to expand the subject, especially with Alain Bernardin’s images of the Crazy Horse, considered at the time as the prophet and the Mecca of the genre. I had the surprise to come across Yvette, renamed Lili Niagara, and taking centre stage at the firmament of the Dodo d’Hambourg, Ursula Regenschirm, Rita Cadillac, Nadia Lova and Kiki Tamtam.

This was the Zenith of the striptease. Then came the morning pill, May 68, the monokini, and the hard porn. Flesh became mainstream, nudity didn’t even chock old bags and the Crazy Horse was falling asleep in the fireworks of his lighting effects.

Frank Horvat

Normal's editorial team went to Master Horvat's studio, next to Paris, in Boulogne, a great space with black walls and furniture, totally devoted to research and creation.

What are you looking for in your photography ?

I am looking for spontaneity. Photography has no interest if we can reproduce it. Its sole interest is that it only happens once, and this is a miracle! Of course, we cheat sometimes, we pretend but precisely, we must cheat in this sense, to give that impression. If I have two great photographs dealing with the same subject, I cannot show both or else there would be no more miracle. Dirt, specks of dust, small flaws on my photographs, give to the on-lookers the impression that it only happened once and that it won't happen again. Photoshop excess which we inevitably notice in the end, gives the impression that any

picture can be re-created easily. This series is dirty, because the place is ugly, the girls were ugly, and the atmosphere was physically ugly! But it isn't a bad thing; it is still provocative, sexy, horny...

Why being against Photoshop when you were one of the first to use it ?

I don't criticise Photoshop, I criticise certain people who don't know how to use it! That's all! And I'm firmly convinced about Photoshop, I don't have the slightest qualm to cheat through Photoshop. If I was an illusionist in a music hall, I would make sure to always create a sense of surprise, and that's where I would have qualms! That's what I blame Photoshop for, biting the hand that feeds you.

What would a model say about you ?

She could maybe say that I never touched her ass and that I wasn't a dirty pig! (laughter).

What seduces you ?

The first thing one must do to seduce me is to not give the impression that it's what you want. Like many people, I don't like to be tricked.

The strippers are vaguely or partially shown, the emphasis is on their bodies, delivered to the desirous eyes of the male audience. Why ?

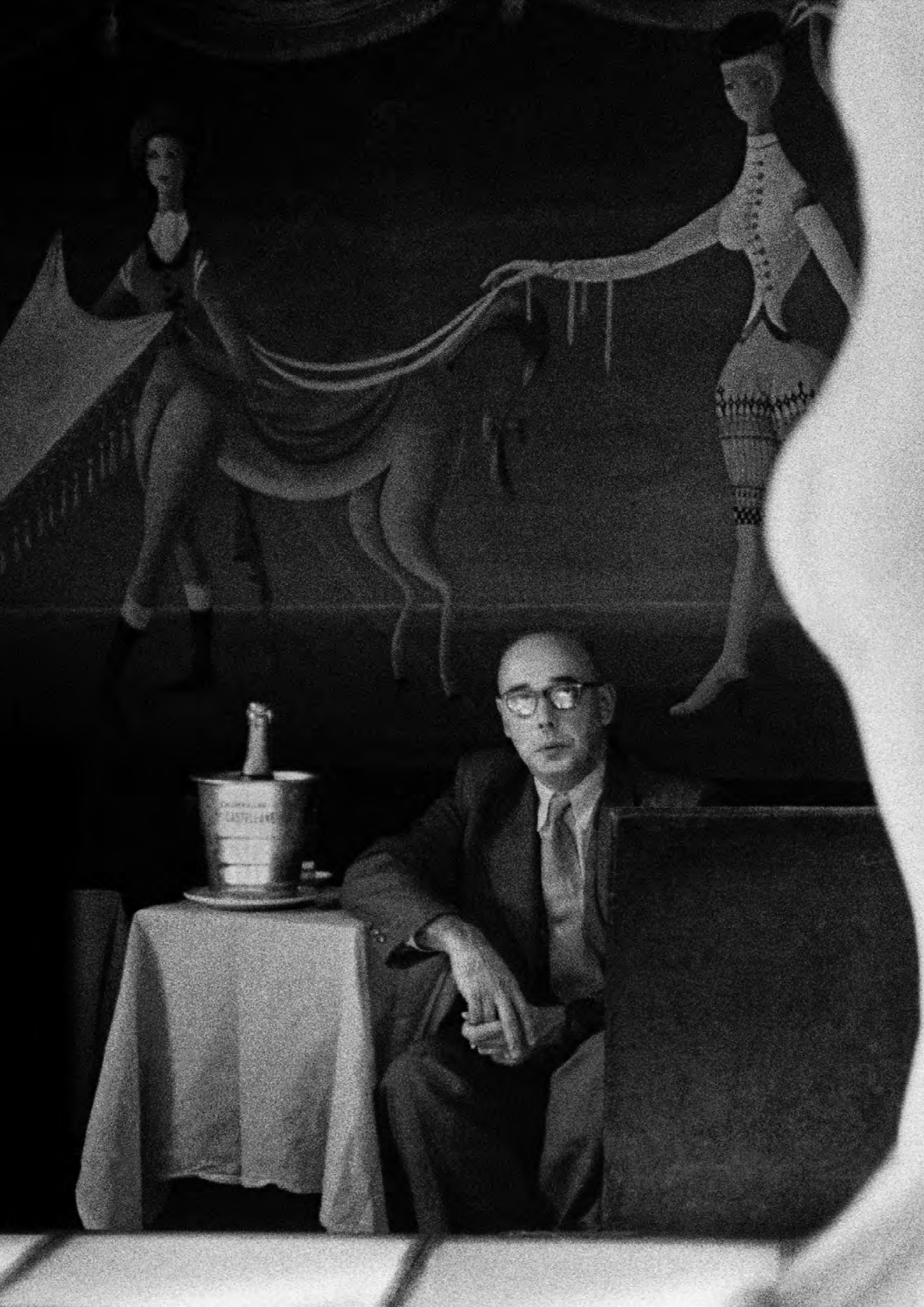
At the time, very spontaneously, I was absolutely not conscious of it. For me, it was about authenticating, and all of this does authenticate! The most important was that those looking at the picture believed in it, if we look at the picture without believing, we are losing a great deal of the picture's efficiency.

“
**Art is the
suspension
of doubt**
”















MARC LAMEY

















MARC LAMEY

Hors texte

Very much influenced by music, Marc Lamey focuses mainly on portrait, fashion and beauty photography which he meticulously integrates in the urban landscape, especially in the streets of the French capital. Marc is a portraits buff, of bright and colourful stagings, imbued with a touch of symbolism and a multi-level reading, giving free rein to the spectator's interpretation.

Marc initially had a go at the discipline as a Nature photographer, thus expanding his passion for Africa or East Asia, before settling in his studio in 2008 to start fashion portraits and series. Marc plays the part of the artistic creator in his photography, assembling himself all the necessary ingredients for the perfect realisation of his fashion projects meanwhile collaborating with independent fashion designers.

“

**It is not because things
are difficult that we do not
dare, it is because we do not
dare that things are difficult**

Seneca

CELINE ANDREA —



PERCEIVING ALL THE BODY'S DETAILS AS ASSETS



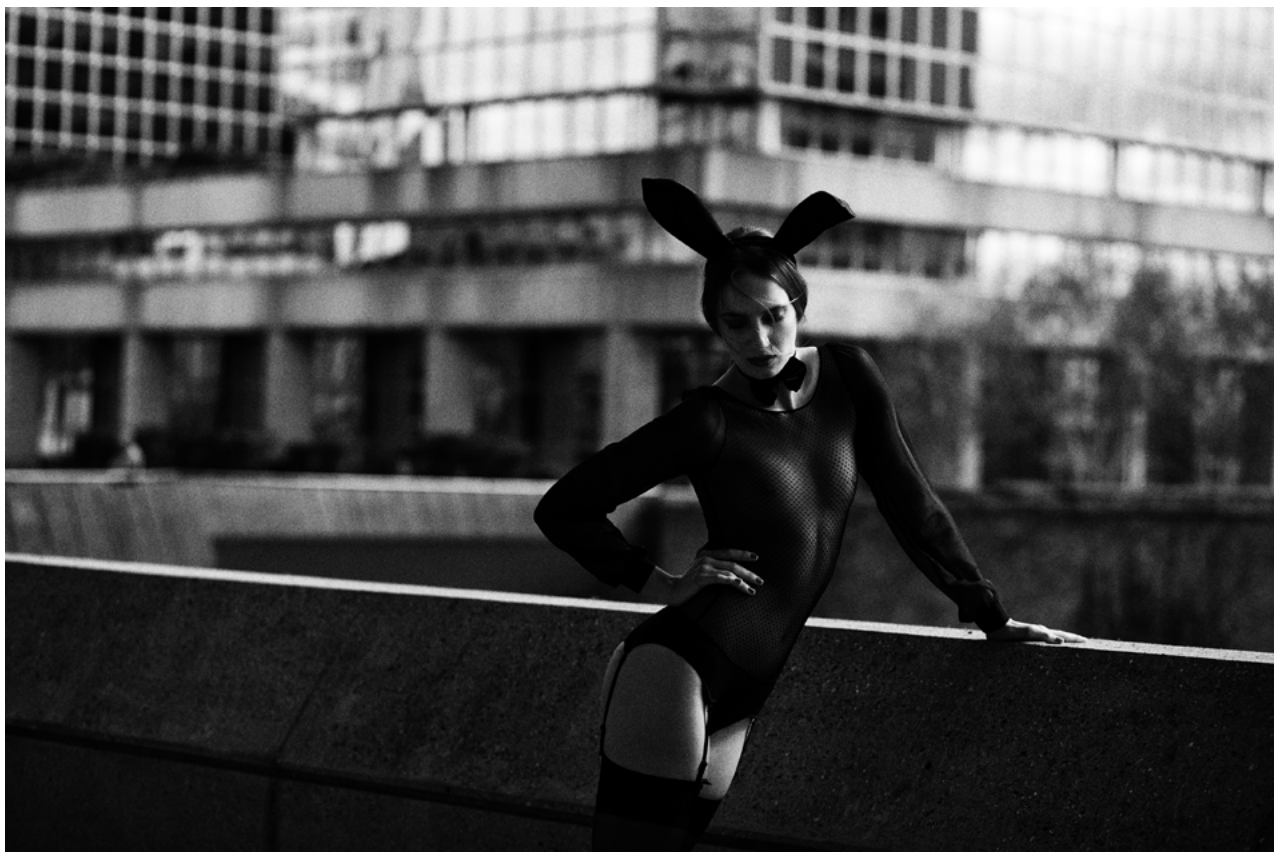
Céline Andrea is a young Parisian, a nude and lingerie model for a decade before going behind the camera. Quickly, she starts shooting nude photography, her “area of specialisation”. Céline functions a lot with intuition, preferring a spontaneous and natural pose, soaking in the atmosphere, the lines, playing with the light to better sculpt the bodies, sublimed by the black-and-white sensuality and eroticism.

Between erotic and even provocative sensual poses, the finish is intense and powerful, stimulating the emotions.













Alexia Sinclair



Alexia Sinclair is a skilful Australian photographer and artist who works on her art in a singularly pictorial manner. Her art is plastic, tainted with a sense of commercial, ornate and bewitching at the same time. Her photographic compositions tell a story, her entire world, throughout an evocative imagery made of fantasy, dreams and cultural references. Using a graphic tale to seduce the spectator, Alexia's art is dark and appealing, baroque and symbolic. Her multi-layered photographs subtly introduce contemporary notions of fashion and beauty, meanwhile restoring old notions of classicism, elegance and opulence. In her Rococo series (pages 164 onwards) Alexia went back to the 18th century at the Versailles Court with Madame de Pompadour as a burning protagonist. Alexia fulfils all the parts, from the set design and the accessories conception to the makeup and costumes. The composition is refined, the assembly is meticulously built, such as the Rococo silk

flowers she painted and arranged herself in her garden in New South Wales.

"I am back in 18th century France, my obsession. It was a time where the life in court was more flamboyant, sensual and playful, when fashions were exaggerated and women used their costumes as an extension of their personalities. At this time, powerful women from the French court became fashion icons and their tastes have influenced all Europe. Their luxurious, excessive and exotic creations inspired many aspects of the clothes in this series; from the porcelain flowers of Madame de Pompadour to the diamond necklace of Madame de Barry, including Marie-Antoinette's muslin shirt. Madame de Pompadour was a fascinating woman, cultured and smart, she entertained people like Voltaire did in his dining room. On this picture (page 166), we can see her, in between scattered books, with a blindfold and feathers, it's very naughty".









Conversation with ALEXIA SINCLAIR

What is Alexia Sinclair's photography ?

It is a very Baroque style influenced by obsessive disorders ! I love building up visually fussy and dynamic images attracting the viewer into my world.

Your main influences in terms of art ?

I have a classic education from the fine arts. I spent the major part of my studies drawing or sculpting. I have been greatly influenced by the Renaissance masters and then later on, by the Pre-Raphaelite school. I hold a great interest in contemporary artists and I watch the fashion industry a lot : Alexander McQueen, John Galiano, Jean Paul Gaultier, as well as Great photographers and directors : Tim Walker, Eugenio Recuenco, Erwin Olaf, Gregory Crewdson and Perter Greenaway ...

The most photogenic place ?

Obviously, being a fan of woods, I would say the forests and the gardens in Europe.

The first thing you do when you wake up ?

I take a coffee !

What is your main character trait ?

The obsession for detail. I want things

to be perfect in my work and even in my eating habits, that is saying something ... I can let go of all the rest, but what I eat and what I realise must be beautiful.

What happened to your childhood dreams ?

I still have them!

To which extent does your imagination haunt the composition of your work ?

The past obviously has a deep impact on my imagination and so, on my composition. I like to draw getting my inspiration from those who were here before me, but then, I want to realise something contemporary and innovative.

How do you choose your locations ?

It's always a compromise. I must inevitably take into account the budget. If I can find an appropriate place for free, it's ideal! I always ask favours here and there because getting the right location can make the shooting 10 times easier and 1000 times more beautiful !

The place where you would like to shoot ?

The gardens of Versailles.





FREDERIC FONTENOY



Before anything, Frédéric Fontenoy it's a family story. An exiled Jewish grandfather on one side and a collaborator grandfather on the other side, who disappeared during the fall of Berlin at the spring of 1945. A taboo and a dark side of the family, at 40 years old, Frédéric Fontenoy starts researches on this enigmatic grandfather, before realising the importance of the character, sentenced in absentia to 20 years in jail, in 1947. Inspired by this doomed grandfather as much as by his readings of Geroges Bataille and the imagery of Hans Bellmer, Fontenoy shoots deliberately sexual bodies, asserted as such.

Frédéric Fontenoy was born in Paris in 1963, where is he has built his studio in his apartment, a place at the image of the character. His controversial artworks are disturbing and gripping. His work depicts domestic scenes in a dark room, a set full of antiquarian objects, reminiscing of the brothels of the 30s. In his

pictures, his "character" appears as a perverse double, Fontenoy himself, transfigured in a sort of timeless individual moving in an identical set although variable, depending on the scenes, in his dark room, the room of a theatre or a mental maze.

A persecutor, Fontenoy tortures his models. He ties them up, whips them, ties them up again, punishes them... The woman is an object, sometimes a piece of furniture. He plays with fetishist clichés, eroticism and the BDSM universe, ropes, high heels, horsewhip and sticks including octopus and swastika. But even as victims, the models are in ecstasy. Behind those lustful images, the finish is purely aesthetic, the style extremely refined, the black and white associated with the contrasts of the different games of shadow and light is elegant, the characters are harmonious, and the viewer is a voyeur taking part in this debauchery.

“

It's a Velasquez technique. I appear in my own photography, to clearly show the viewer that this image is subjective... this defuses the awkwardness. If I take on the voyeur's position in the picture, the one looking at it feels less as a voyeur himself, because I unburden him of his voyeurism...







For the second time, we went to Frédéric Fontenoy's place, AKA "Fred" for close friends, in his apartment in the 10th arrondissement of Paris, close to the Indian district, between Gare du Nord and La Chapelle. The first time, we had discovered this much vaunted dark room, this aesthetic and perverse mental space, and we had met with his architect, far more open and friendly than what his photography suggests.

Your universe is apparently very connected to your family background ?

That world was built little by little until the day I saw it as a whole universe, built by the accumulation of my work. Then, there was a real choice to be made, the problem was to locate fiction, because it is a fiction in the beginning, between the 1930s and 1945. I started this work after a few years of research on my grandfather, this familial unsaid thing, and at first I wanted to make a movie on the character. I had many objects belonging to him: furniture, sculptures. I had all that in hand without using them. There isn't just a collaborator's side! My grandfather was a writer. So I made pictures of his quotations, with writing machines, I then took a picture about opium, he was an opium addict. I really like the picture with the four legs shaped like a Nazi cross in a mirror. In the diary I am holding in my hands, "The Work", we can see my grandfather in the front page. He was holding a political conference back then. His ex-wife, my grandmother, had an affair with Hans Bellmer. For that matter, she handed me over some drawings, photos and rare books as well as portraits of herself. That is where the concept of the Bellmer swastika-shaped cross came from. This is the picture most connected to my personal story! The rest of the time, I leave a book around where he wrote a few pages. He was the first journalist, back then in Havas, to go to Moscow after the revolution. He spoke Russian fluently; he was translating Tolstoy in 1924. Then, he was expelled by the Russians as he started

to become anti-Communist. He then left for China and came back to France in the 1935s to start his political pass oriented rather extreme right. He was an adventurer with multiple lives and the family didn't want to talk about it because it was complicated. He was reduced to being a collaborator and disappeared in 45 without any death certificate. He was the skeleton the closet! He might have disappeared two days after Hitler. My father received an official letter a few years later.

My grandfather was the Communication Secretary of State for Tchang Kaï-check, revolutionary before Mao, and when the latter seized power he left for Taiwan. Meanwhile, he was directing the Havas press agency for France and he was told that he couldn't be at the same time Secretary of State for Tchang Kaï-check and publish news for France"! He was only 30 !

So he was a rather virulent collaborator ?

He built up many political parties during the collaboration. Otto Abetz, the ambassador of Germany in France, was one of his close friends and his newspapers were funded by the Germans. Having disappeared at 46 years of age, it's as if he had many lives. And discovering his story, I said to myself that I have to go there in depth, and that is also why I am taking risks. I didn't have that energy before discovering what he did. So there is a lot my family universe in my pictures !

What has led you to nude ?

I have always worked on the body. Ever since I was 18 years old, I wanted to become a photographer. I got out of that photography school in Switzerland, and I started working on the body right away, on my body when I was young and willowy (laughter). But it wasn't nude, it was real work on the body: the body in a 3-dimensional space with a photographic axis. Thus, I know that very well. I was more abstract before, more of a plastic artist, and at some stage I arrived to narration, with those stories on my family.

And this room, do you place it

in Paris or in a whole different universe ?

In Paris! From time to time, I have the impression that I have created a monster; I can put everything in this room. But we must work a lot. It's an inspiring place which doesn't need to be located. It sucks in what it wants. It's a mental space, it isn't physical, we can do everything there, think of anything, the physical location doesn't exist anymore.

Would you like to do other things now outside of this room ?

I am not blasé yet and that's the problem! (laughter). My time is limited, I love being able to always bring back things in this room, but I don't really want to confront myself to another space, to talk about space. I realised other types of pictures before, but in there I can protect anything I want. I place the lights before the girls arrive and I know exactly what I want. This staging is perfectly propped up, I visualise it in my head. I feel at home! (laughter) bringing the outside world inside is an interesting process. Few people work that way. I feel at ease, it's the way I think !

Who is that character you are creating for yourself ?

He has no name. It's handy. What's pleasant is that no one sees the picture as we are realising it, there is no one behind the camera; everyone is in front of it. We must take responsibility, I give instructions, but the characters need to spin out of control, cleverly. That's the whole interest. Phobia is a hard thing! (laughter).









Le
Series
NORMAL
— by —
HANS
WITHOOS
— *The Werewolf Girls* —













THE UNBEARABLE SOVEREIGNTY OF THE FEMALE BEING

In our current world, in our society, seduction is omnipresent. Being a woman means to express a certain form of sensuality with freedom and self-mockery. Her culture and her social status allow her to live in her own world, her own private sphere, and thus to create an imaginative and sophisticated scenario in which she acts assertively the part of the prey but also that of the predator. Here, in this series, identities are redefined and inverted. Later on, the woman will become the one pursuing the man, thus revealing a nebulous and romantic side of her personality.

The choice of the place, Paris, was made spontaneously. In the 16th century and particularly in France, the popular belief in werewolves was considerably widespread. The werewolves and their two personalities ... add to this some architectural high heels, almost impossible to wear. These vertiginous heels, reminding of certain of the most spectacular buildings of Paris, add to the femininity aspect. They are imitating the claws which will never let you escape! Not only will you never free yourself from those majestic creatures but you will never have the desire to do so.

Hans Withoos

Giuseppe Spoto (*Heels and lingerie*)
Sandra; Christa (De Boekers) (*Models*)
Tessa (Emef Fashion Group) (*Models*)
Marc Pinel for Allure (*Hair*)
Marie Goedgheluck (*Make up*)
Penthouse Sean Mc Evoy Paris 10ème

Series
NORMAL

— *by* —

Hervé Lewis



Hervé Lewis (*Photographer*)
Audrey B. (*Model, VIP Models*)
Paula (*Hair*)
Anaïs Frezet (*Makeup*)
Jean-Philippe Lacube (*Photo Assistant*)
Anouchka Potdevin (*Cage*)



Panties **Richardson** (*Mise en Cage*)
Saddlery **Newton** (*Mise en Cage*)
Cat Ears, **Tamzin Lillywhite**
Nail ring, 18K **Bijoules**
Heels **Maison Ernest**





Necklace and handcuffs Fleet Ilya, panties Richardson (*Mise en Cage*), Heels Maison Ernest



Shoulder pads Una Burke, *Heels* Maison Ernest



Shoulder pads Una Burke, Heels Maison Ernest



Poney tail Corset **Paul Seville**, *Heels* **Maison Ernest**





You have a very American look, you are a fan of American imagery and culture, bikes, Rock, so why Paris? What made you stay here ?

Indeed, I spent a lot of time in the United States. I think it's all about energy. Cities have a particular energy, and at 18 years old I wanted to know all about New York's energy. So I went to live there for almost a year... Years later, thanks to Johnny Hallyday, I was lucky to travel around the States again, this time on a Harley-Davidson. I have very good memories of it, the lights were often sublime. After having travelled a lot, I realised, coming back to Paris, that it was finally where I felt the better, the most in harmony. It's a little bit like a love story; we are looking for the woman we hope to meet until we meet her one day. Sometimes we see things better when we moved away from them and then come back closer to them.

What is your relationship with Paris ?

At the same time intimate, instinctive, and passionate. In other words, a little bit like a relationship. Whether it's raining, windy or snowing, I still love Paris the same. Even when the sun is shining! (laughter).

You have an extraordinary space, on Marbeuf Street; gym, photo studio, recording studio, climbing wall, and HL Gallery! How did you get that ?

It took me 20 years to find this place and I have been

there for 20 years. I renovated everything. I had my world in my head for a long time; all I needed was to find a place and to make my dreams come true. I think there're two ways of life: either having illusions and trying to justify them, or having dreams and trying to reach them. That's what I tried to do... (laughter).

Favourite arrondissements ?

The 17th, the 8th and the 9th.

Favourite monument ?

The Eiffel Tower. With all its history. When we know that at the time this piece of art was almost demolished (people signed petitions against its construction!) and now it has become the symbol of Paris and even of France itself, it leaves you dreamy...

The most photogenic place for you ?

I love woman intimacy, so my favourite places are intimate places such as bedrooms and bathrooms, and particularly old Parisian bathrooms when I'm lucky to find some.

You realised "the Most Beautiful Women in Paris", what do you think about the Parisian woman ?

For me, the Parisian woman is the most feminine, the most elegant with the most personality ... (laughter).

“

**It is only with the heart, that
one can see rightly; what is
essential is invisible to the eye**

”

Antoine de Saint-Exupéry









NICOLAS GUERIN







At the editorial board, we have always heard of Nicolas Guérin and we had met his muse and spouse Sheri Chiu during a shooting with Martial Lenoir and Lulu. During our research we have seen many series and editorials from this French photographer and we had already published photographs from Sheri in previous publications. She in fact appears in this issue on Gary Breckheimer's photographs, in the first part. Therefore, we have contacted them for this Paris issue, which seemed more appropriate to present his work, as vast as it is singular. Spontaneously, and after exchanging a few emails, Nicolas offered to realise a series on the banks of the Seine, to which we answered enthusiastically and without any hesitation. Because we needed tranquillity, an almost in-

herent necessity for outdoors nude photography, the duo gives us an appointment on the Ile de la Cité in the early morning hours, a few minutes after sunrise. We thus walked on the isle, along the banks and the streets, watchful and attentive to the least remote revolving lights, warmly greeted by some passersby appreciating the view and the landscape, for the greatest pleasure of our model.

Nicolas now shares his time between portraits, fashion, and personal projects, especially nude. He works from his studio in Saint-Denis, constantly moving and collaborating with prestigious international reviews. Nicolas is currently realising a series of erotic nude projects and continues to travel around the world to create pictures.

“ROPES ARE LIKE
A CARESS, THEY
EMBRACE THE MODEL
AS MY ARMS WOULD”

Nobuyoshi Araki





What is your outlook on photography ?

I see photography as a drowning man would look upon a lifebelt sometimes, or as an alcoholic would look at an empty bottle! Photography is everywhere in my life, all the time, whether I'm working on it or not. I am travelling through and for photography, most of the time with my wife, Sheri, who poses for me. So I have an intimate and daily relationship with photography, which is vital to me... and I really don't know how to do anything else!

I started photography at 30, by myself. I needed to change my life, photography saved me from boredom. Very young, I have been struck by the discovery of Helmut Newton, Irving Penn and Guy Bourdin thanks to the covers of Photo magazine. I was 15, and I knew nothing, but I really felt that their

creative gestures were strong a little bit scandalous. There was a perfume of liberty and transgression. When I felt the urge for freedom, I went to photography.

What are the aspects that still captivate you and the ones annoying you ?

I exclude from my life as much as what annoys me...

The thing which has been captivating me again and again is the encounter with the subject, the model, and the concept of distance, shrugged off and progressively replaced during a session. It is an accepting relationship as well as a mirror. It is fascinating to look at the evolution of your own work over time. Why was I taking pictures like that 10 years ago and how I ended up doing it differently today? Which patterns are

repeating themselves and where the liberties are acquired? The transition toward a certain type of image, more intimate and more erotic has been made when I met my wife, Sheri. The question of distance has shrugged off and replaced by that of the look, the imagination. Having the same model as a subject for many years forces to not go in circles, to experiment more. Taking pictures of Sheri on a regular basis questions our relationship, and I am the first witness of its evolution. The nature of collaborations has changed lately, she is entirely associated with the creative process, we are exchanging inspirational images, we are scouting together when we are shooting outdoors and we are editing the images together... It is a new way of working, more gratifying for both of us, and a way of living photography as a couple.







The biggest extravagance ?

In the Spring 2012, I was far away from my wife, I missed her excessively and I started a series around feminine pleasure. It was the first time I was using photography on such a personal way, to reconnect with my own emotions. As a kind of compensation. And it was also the first time that I was really taking pictures of sex, which made me question myself a lot!

When I was studying cinema in the 90s, I was fascinated by Krzysztof Kieślowski, a Polish filmmaker with a rather radical point of view. He had been a documentary maker before starting fiction because he thought fiction offered him something priceless which documentary did not allow: the access to a bedroom. What a unique privilege to be able to photograph love, skin, the fusion of the beings! Those couples must have trusted me quite a bit to allow me to be there, I've lived each session as a gift.

What is your vision on the nude in photography and how do you use it ?

Nude has been my first curiosity as a viewer, then my first expression in photography. I was 15, I was in love, I wanted to keep a record of my partner. It was just logical. I desire you, I desire to look at you naked. Will you let me look at

you naked? A nude session for me will never be "just another day at work". Nude, for me, is the ultimate portrait; it isn't by chance that the greatest nude photographers also are great portraitists (Paolo Roversi, Newton, Peter Lindbergh...). For a long time, I have been using the nude as a uncluttered portrait, today I am using the nude as a private and free space, I project my visions and I pursue sensations, I feel in my proper place when I am shooting nudes!

What fills you with joy ?

This unpredictable moment which we could name: grace. When random elements fall into place and that everything lights up as evidence, it usually doesn't last for long and you need to know how to make the most of it...

Technical question: your lucky camera ?

I would say my folding Konica Instant Press, it's: light, mechanic, telemetric.

Who is the most famous person in your repertoire ?

Clint Eastwood, but I would've loved to be able to answer Cate Blanchett!

Which question would you have liked us to ask you ?

Why don't I photograph naked men!

Your projects ?

I have always struggled with the notion of self-portrait, the forbidden field, for me! Turning the objective on myself to look at myself in the mirror seems to me against nature but I am at this period of my life where I want to shake up some horizon lines, so I have decided to force myself to face this fear !

Your favourite city ?

Tokyo I would say, for this fascination it creates inside of me, but I love New York City too, where I have been a lot, and where I feel almost at home with my American wife.

Questions about Paris :

Last concert ?

Atl-J

A place to drink? Who with?

In one of those cafés for the lost youth, in 1968 with Anna Karina.

A place that you have never visited and which attracts you ?

The Sainte-Chapelle

Areas, preferred locations to practice photography ?

The Banks, for their lights.





Series
NORMAL
— by —
NICOLAS GUERIN

*Banks of
the Seine*











Série
N O R M A L

— *par* —

MARTIAL LENOIR & LULU INTHE SKY

**LULU
WONDER
CAT**

photographer | **MARTIAL LENOIR**
creative direction | **MARTIAL LENOIR & LULU INTHE SKY**
make up artist | **AUDREY LOY** hair stylist | **SADEK L.**
make up artist & hair stylist | **ÉLODIE SAUVAGE**
model | **CHARLINE MUSE**







STRAY CAT STRUT,
I'M A LADIES' CAT,
A FELINE CASANOVA
HOWLING TO THE MOONLIGHT
ON A HOT SUMMER NIGHT,
SINGIN' THE BLUES
WHILE THE LADY CATS CRY.

THE STRAY CATS



LEFT
I MAISON CLOSE I body *Chambre des secrets* & back seamed stockings

RIGHT
I MISE EN CAGE I Ionesco harness & Newton harness
I FLEET ILYA I cat ears









LEFT | **FLEET ILYA** | leather harness

RIGHT | **FLEET ILYA** | poney ears
| **TATU COUTURE** | Carine bodysuit
| **WALK FAME** | Très Bonjour Latex couture stockings

« THE HELL »

of the National French Library

By Paul Luro

Hell : A closed space within a library where books which reading is considered dangerous are kept - Great universal dictionary of Pierre Larousse (1890)

Already, in the middle of the 18th century, the General Ledger of Printed Books had created a section for licentious novels. In the 1830s, printed books which were said to be against “good morals”, published illicitly, sued or condemned, were separated from the rest of the collections of the Royal library and assembled in order to constitute a distinct section entitled “Hell” and retained at the Rare Book Reserve.

The biggest connection of licentious books was at the BNF (Bibliothèque National de France), since Paris - cheeky Paris from the Regency and Rococo - was thought to be the capital of pornography.

At this time, we counted around 620 titles, coming, for more than half, from judicial seizure.

In 1911, Guillaume Apollinaire visits the Hell of the BNF and indexes its content: 930 books. A more intellectual ledger is compiled in 1978 by Pascal Pia, and lists some 1730 titles. Those two men apparently received a special treatment to establish this ledger which was in no way commissioned by the Library. From 1913 to 1969, the Hell section enriches itself with an extra 850 issues coming from donations, purchases but also from legal submission.

In September 1969, a note ordered the closing of the Hell section, due to morals’ evolution. In 1980, editors started to reprint its content. In 1983, it is reopened,

upon requests from researchers and librarians for practical reasons. Since 1983, only the old editions are labelled “Hell”, brought in by donation or purchases which had been sued or condemned in their own time, contemporary erotic or pornographic books considered as rare by their printing, their illustrations, and their conception. Hell became more selective and took a more bibliophilic turn.

Imagery also has its place. Ever since 1750, certain free engravings were gathered in a collection named “obscenities”. Throughout the years, these connections multiplied thanks to donations and purchases. In 1840, we counted up to more than 1050 pieces for the collections contents. They were then reunited in a section entitled “Amateur Collections and Art Singularities”. From the 1840s onward, with the arrival of lithography and photography, that department received full bundles of free engraving and photographs mostly coming from seizure especially between 1864 and 1868. That is when the “Art Singularities” were baptised “Hell - free subjects”. During the 20th century, the Hell Engravings started to run out of its rarest pieces of work, the policy being to regroup within the work of each artist his entire production, particularly Rembrandt.

Now, this literature fell into the public domain. We can get it in any bookshop. As for the Hell at the BNF, unfortunately, it is not open for viewing.

Flash on

Alex Jonas ————— p 228

Iannis Pledel ————— p 232

Incarnatio ————— p 234

Jam Abelanet ————— p 240

Tiphaine Popesco ————— p 246

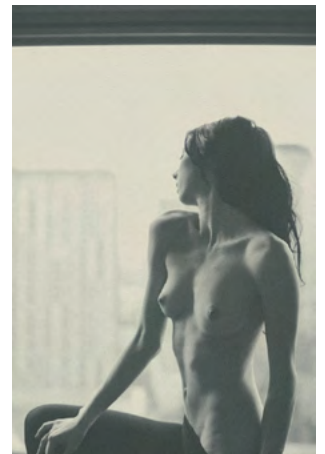
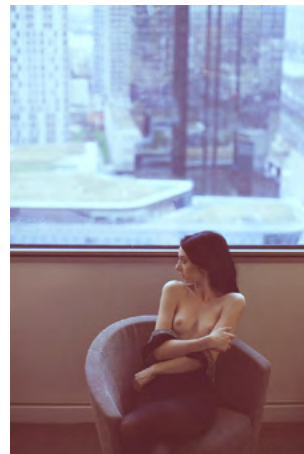
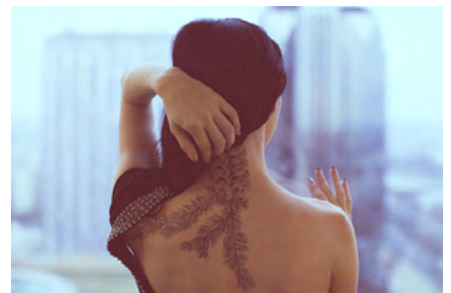
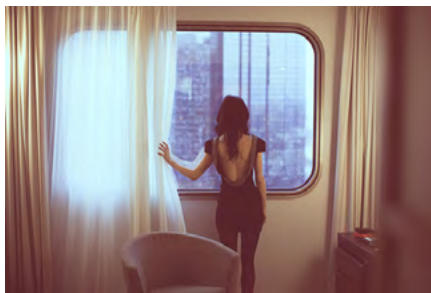
RedBCode ————— p 248

Bérénice V. ————— p 252

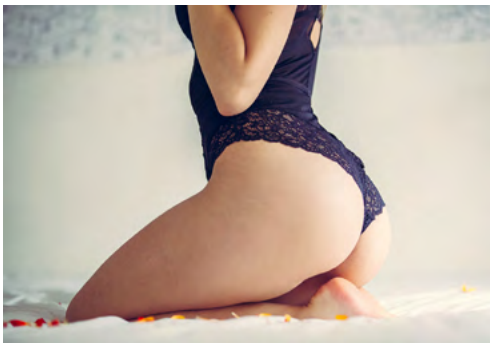
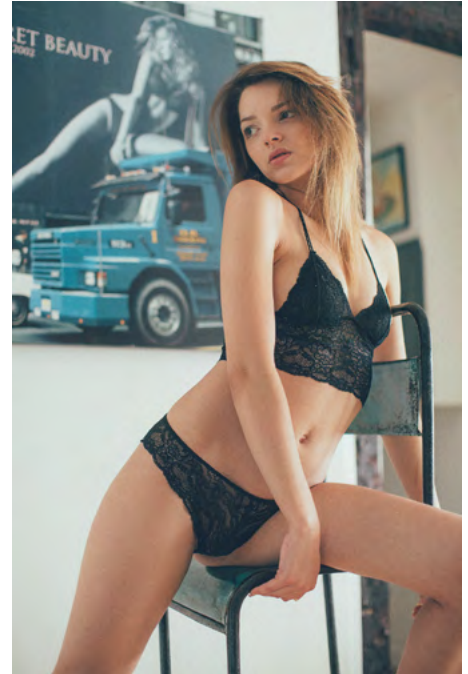
Focal par ————— p 255

Fenêtre sur corps ————— p 258

== ΔLEX JONAS ==



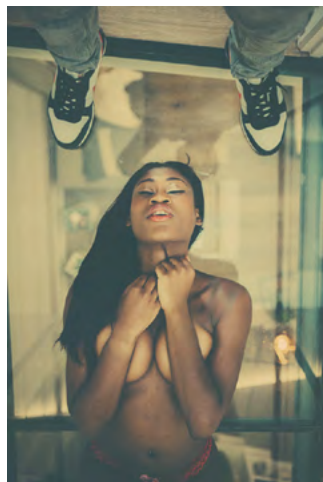
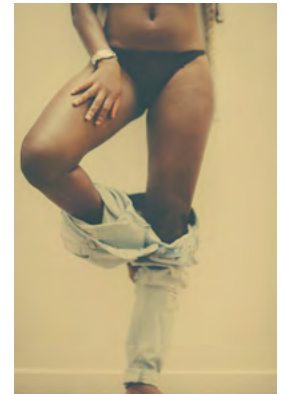
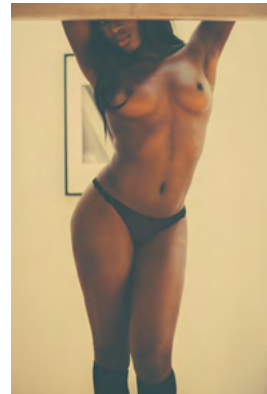
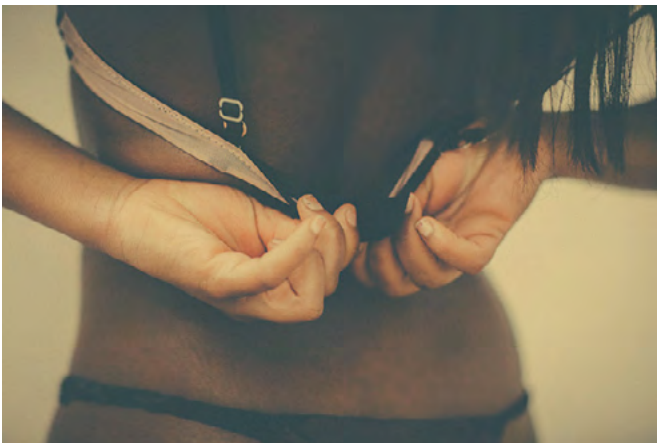
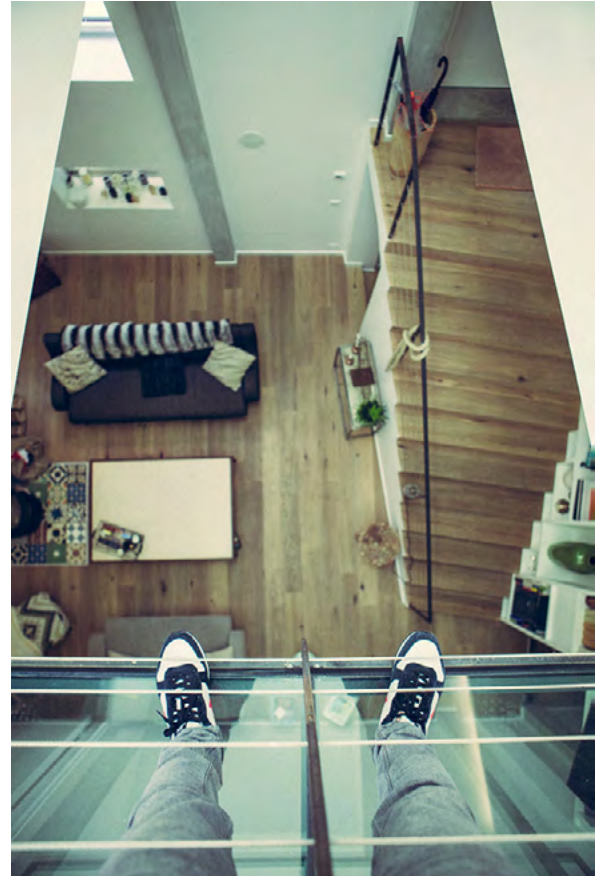
Jordalehn à Paris / Juillet 2014



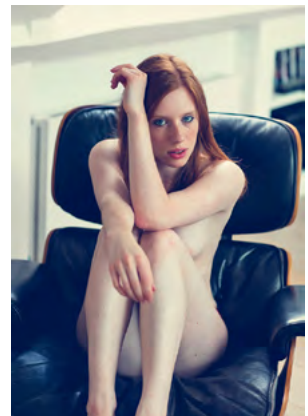
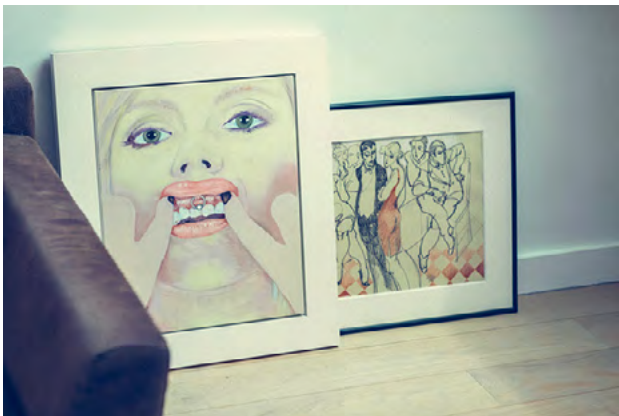
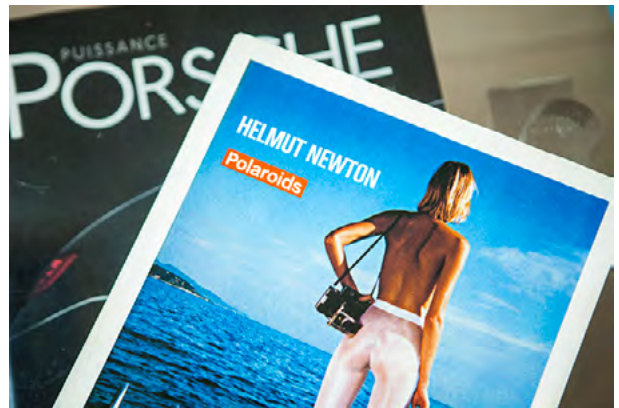
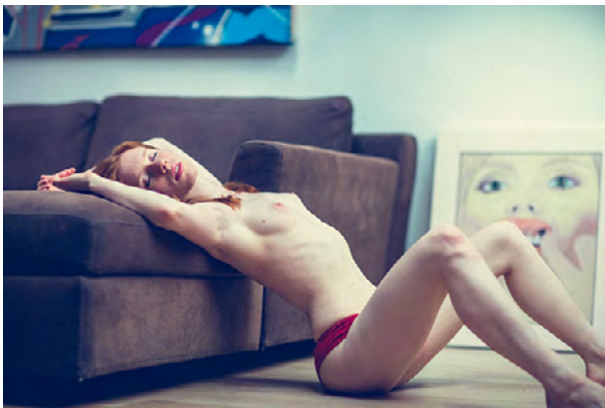
Laurileen in Paris / *july 2015*

I came up with the idea of this series while I was at a friend's place one day. His apartment was big, bright and well situated in Paris. The ideal place for shooting in fact. I quickly realised that I had a lot of friends living it in similar apartments. And, unlike me, they all had a "real job" and left for work in the morning, offering me an ideal playground. While I was waiting for the model for my very first shooting, I started to take pictures of the place to test the light. I was nervous, thinking I would do something wrong and miss the session and time flew by fast. I was so focused on the rendering of the pictures and the light

that I almost forgot about the model. At the moment of editing, I realised I could mix the ambience pictures with those of the model. On screen, the pictures appeared as if on a storyboard. I had the feeling that I was in a short film, telling the story of this girl, at home, undressing and playing with the spectator. As I come from the video world, my eyes are somewhat formatted for the 24 images per second rhythm. My attention developed during the following sessions and since then, I consciously built-up each project integrating objects related to each place, according to the model and her story.



Shnaidine in Paris / *july 2014*



Aurore in Paris / July 2014

IANNIS PLEDEL







INCARNATIO

— *A walk in Paris* —



LOU (*Paris 7th*)



Caroline Gaillaguet (*La Défense*)



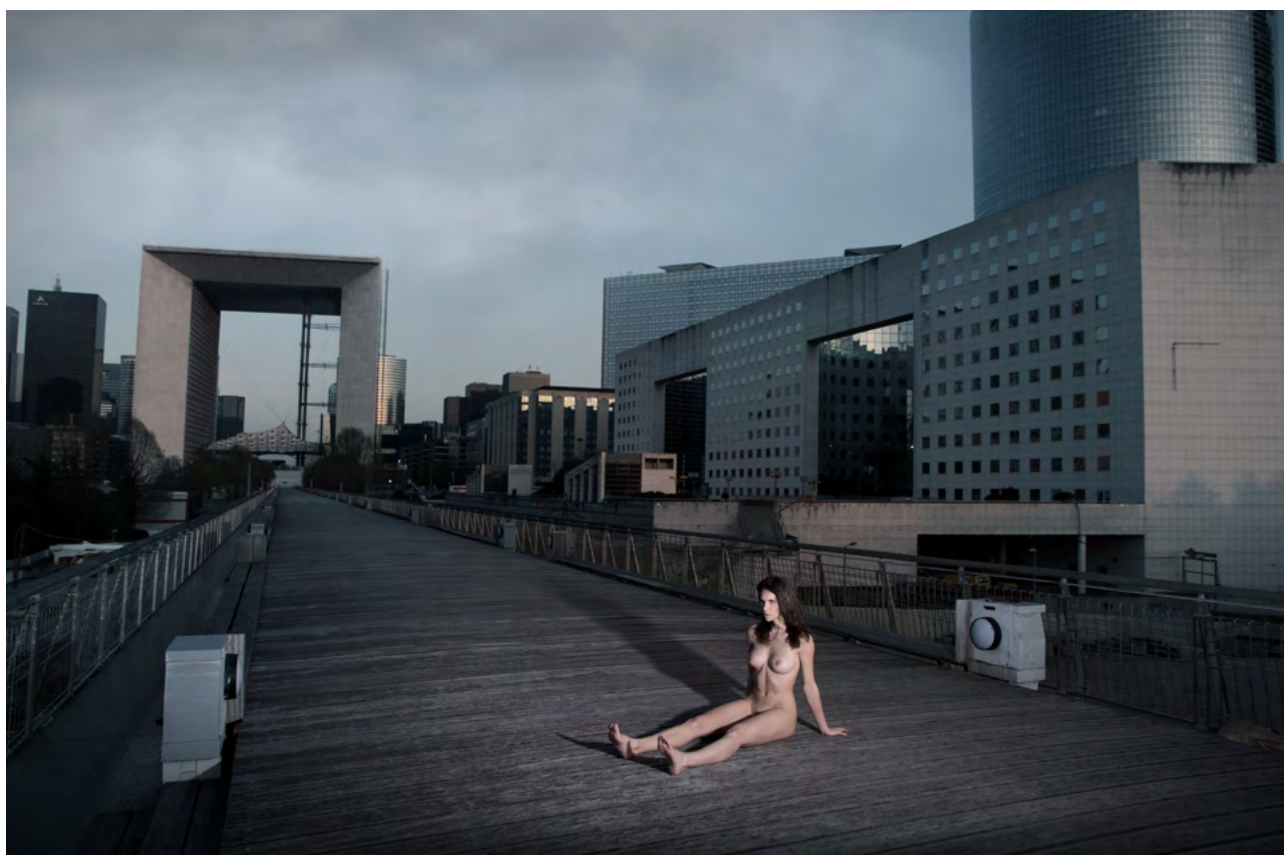
Fanny Beladona (*Mont-Valérien*)



LOU (*Paris 7ème*)



Caroline Gaillaguet (*La Défense*)



Caroline Gaillaguet (*La Défense*)
Loïc Roberto Fernandez (*MUA*)

Fanny Beladona (*Right page*)





JAM ABELANET

— UNDERGROUND FANTASIES —

Armed with his 5D body and without any authorisation from the RATP, the Parisian public transport system, Jam Abelanet brought naked women to the hallways of the metro, in the coaches, and on the underground train for a most original rendering. In front of lethargic and lobotomised Parisians oscillating between sinister and apathetical faces inherent to this means of transport, not so attentive to their surrounding world, in front of exhibitionist models, the beauty of the opal bodies contrasts with the shady and gloomy atmosphere of the place, nude in dirt, beauty and ugliness, fallacious dichotomy.

Jam was born in 1976 in Panama. Passionate about pictures, he has worked for more than 10 years as a graphic designer then as a supervisor in digital special effects, creating pictures and worlds for others. “I naturally wanted to go on the other side and to finally create for myself. As far as I remember, I have always liked photography. When I was a graphic designer, I was already employed for shootings. On the other hand, I have only been working on personal ambitious projects with models since this summer, and I must say mixing the human exchange side with the purely technical and artistic one is something very pleasant which I could never let go of”.





One word to define your work ?

I think that the word “daring” is the one which would come up the most often!

Are there any contemporary photographers you admire ?

Yes, a whole bunch of very talented contemporary photographers. Internet is a wonderful chance to make yourself known thanks to your gift; the hardest being to be noticed amongst the background noise. But now, there is no more need to be recognised and edited to be able to be seen and appreciated. I do appreciate the stage settings and the meticulousness of Le Turk for example, the portraits and nude stagings of Nicolas Guérin, the visual identity of Dedalus, and of course some “names” such as LaChapelle, Steve McCurry, Ellen von Unwerth...

What is photographic nude for you ?

There are a multitude of nudes in photography which I find interesting. Whether it is very graphic nudes where the body is architectural, nudes where sensuality transpires in a look, an attitude or even explicit or crude nudes, raw and direct entangled bodies. All of them have a say if they serve a purpose and even without serving a purpose in fact, if the picture is beautiful, if it calls out to me or talks to me, I'll take it! I love meaning, but I also love the picture for itself.

A picture you were impressed by ?

The young Afghan woman from Steve McCurry. His travel pictures gave me the desire to change my life, to stop my special effects supervision work where there is no space for improvisation, to leave for Asia with my camera and the firm intention to become a photographer. Also the Big Nudes of Newton where the woman, although naked, is neither submissive nor degraded. Those nudes release an incredible energy.

Any obsession ?

I love classifying things, but well, I doubt it transpires in photography !!

If you should advise a friend to do the same “job” as you, what would you say ?

To find a “niche”, as this sector is quite obstructed. By wanting to do the same thing as the next man does, we are all competing on the same market. There are still many paths to explore in photography, and styles to create. Also, to be able to give yourself a creative space in order not to fall into a routine as soon as you start earning a living from it. Or else, if your initial passion becomes your livelihood, you're likely to lose your motivation.

What do you defend ?

I try to defend originality, creation and personal ambitious projects. There are more and more photographers and they are more and more doing the same thing, copying each other, it's rather rare to be surprised by a picture.

What is the ultimate bad taste for you ?

The ultimate bad taste for me is the lack of taste, to plagiarise a picture just because we like the style, but without putting in anything personal. Everyone finds inspiration from various sources, it's natural, but it is important to be able to transcend an inspiration, to take it somewhere else; otherwise, I don't see any interest in this, other than the technical aspect.

Travels. Where would you like to shoot ?

Photography during a trip is very exciting, the eye is always eagerly poised; as everything is new. The sumptuous landscapes of Iceland where man is nothing but an anecdote, the urban jungles where man loses himself in a wave of his kind, the magical lights of the Equatorial latitudes which give this cinematographic rendering, the faces of the kids and old men in Southeast Asia and sub-Saharan Africa... Everything is

an excuse to escape somewhere else.

An anecdote during the shooting in the metro ?

The pictures in the metro were done without the agreement of the RATP, which I would never had obtained anyway. So, quite a bit of scouting beforehand, I knew which picture I would make and where. As soon as the model arrived, naked under her rain coat, she settled herself and the shot never lasted more than 10 minutes! Except once, where we had started like usual, and then, she got a feeling for it and would also propose certain poses and had her own ideas, the session took longer to the point where the RATP agents found us still on site when they arrived, probably alerted by the numerous security cameras. We were led to the nearest police station... but the model had dressed up in the meantime and they could not bring up any evidence of any misdemeanour whatsoever, so we got a fine for “non-payment of fares”!

Why the metro ?

I am from the Jean-Luc Besson “Subway” generation, I was a kid when I saw the movie on TV, and I started to fantasise on the fauna which can occupy the hallways of the metro at night. Once I arrived in Paris, I wanted to put in feminine creatures at the same time to contrast with the filthy side of the image we have of the metro, and to eroticise the least glamorous place of the capital!

Your projects ?

I am working with my friend and photographer Philip Conrad on the book, “ ABCD'Elles ”, an photographic abecedarian book gently misogynist, combining glamour and humour on little feminine quirks. After almost 3 years of work, we are starting to see the end of it and it should be released by the end of 2015. And in 2016, we are starting “ ABCD'Eux ”, the sequel, which will be devoted to man flaws (needless to say we have quite some stuff to work on!!)



TIPHAINE POPESCO









REDBKODE









The **ARCANE** *art of pure fresh cane*



SCDB

L'ABUS D'ALCOOL EST DANGEREUX POUR LA SANTÉ, À CONSOMMER AVEC MODÉRATION.

SALON de la PHOTO

www.lesalondelaphoto.com

10-14
NOVEMBRE
2016
PARIS
PORTE DE VERSAILLES

Le salon de la Photo vu par **Bálint Pörneczi**

NORMAL invites you to the exhibition.

Get your free invitation by registering on www.lesalondelaphoto.com

Use the code **NORMALUS16.**



IN'BÔ, BAMBOO BIKE

Their passion for sports and for woodwork has led the five founders of In'Bô to create a sport product range exclusively manufactured in France from raw materials. Each bike, made of bamboo and linen fibres is entirely handmade. The utmost importance is given to finish and details.

www.inbo.fr

7500 € 

CHARLIE WATCH

Created in the Spring 2014, Charlie Watch is the new brand for French watch-making "Made in Paris" aimed at amateurs of fashion and design, looking for an elegant watch for their everyday life.

The brand proposes the design of a classic and at the same time modern watch with interchangeable bracelets in a multitude of colours.

Quality and authenticity guaranteed; the watches are assembled in the heart of Paris, in the purest tradition and unique savoir-faire of watchmakers workshops.

www.charliewatch.com

145 € 



L'USINE À LUNETTES

lusinealunettes.com was born from the vision of a man who decided to put an end to the monopoly of opticians and expensive glasses. His solution: to dispense of the middlemen's chain and propose directly on the net an incredible offer of frames and glasses coming from its own factories. This concept allows an 80% discount on a usual opticians' costs offering prescription glasses from 10. At this price, glasses become an affordable accessory. Latest innovation: the e-polette: those glasses protect your eyes from the blue light coming from the screens !

www.lusinealunettes.com

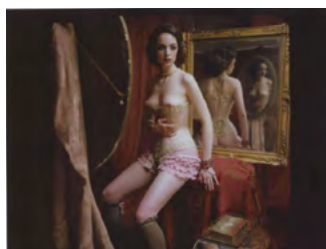
From 10 to 50 €



Bart Ramakers ©



Olive Santaolarias ©



Martial Lenoir ©



Pino Leone ©



Hans Withoos ©

DISCOVER THE NORMAL GALLERY

Find the artists of this edition and their exclusive works in the new online Normal Gallery. Exclusive and UNIQUE Polaroids, rare photos, limited editions numbered and signed by the artist.

The Normal team closely collaborates with each photographer presented in this gallery, most of them became friends. Throughout the years, we have acquired a privileged relationship with the most talented actors of tomorrow's photography. We therefore display only artwork that touches us from the artists with whom we have a link through our publication.

Please do not hesitate to contact one of our artistic advisors if you have a question concerning the work or the artist. All the photographs proposed on our website have the fiscal status of work of art.

Accessible on :

[www.normal-magazine.com/ La Galerie /](http://www.normal-magazine.com/La_Galerie/)

Prices on line

In 2012, based close to La Défense, SGDB is a visual creation studio for advertising. It is the association of different skills: a photographer (Gilles de Beauchêne), an artistic director (Edouard Chastenet), a 3D computer graphics designer (Timothée Vigouroux) and a commercial team (Nathalie de Frouville and Katie Borie). The studio accompanies its clients in the creation of its communication tools from conception to the finalisation of the pictures.

studiogillesdebeauchene.com

SGDB®
LE STUDIO DE CRÉATION POUR VOS VISUELS

FREYWILLE.COM | VIENNA

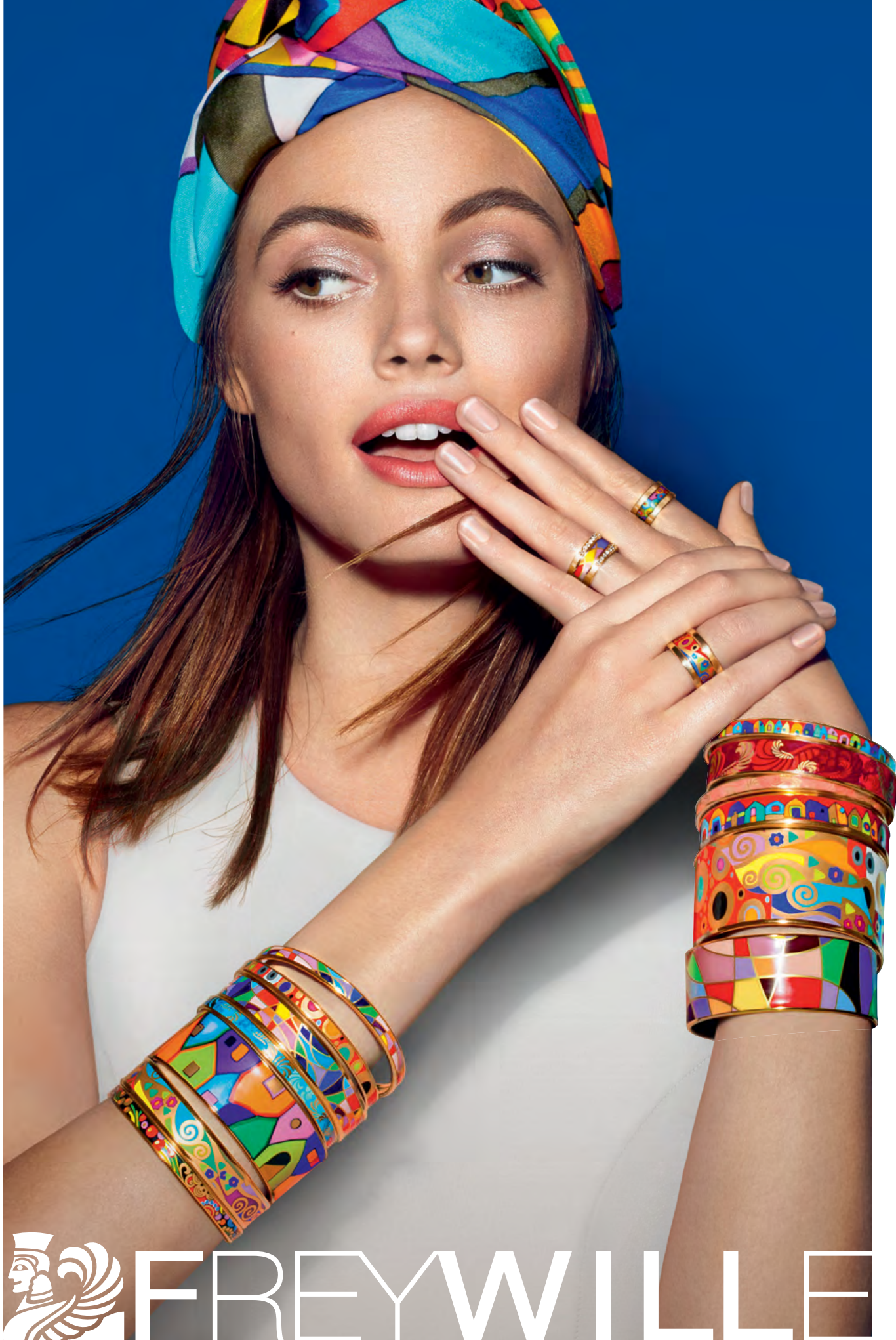
PARIS • STRASBOURG • CANNES • BORDEAUX • + 33 1 42 60 47 47
En vente exclusivement dans les boutiques FREYWILLE et chez les partenaires officiels.

shop.FREYWILLE.COM



FREYWILLE

PURE ART



Fenêtre sur corps



| Artist : Gabriele Croppi

In our wish to interact with the reader, we are open to any editorial content, whether photographers, models, creative or designers. We support ideas, projects articulated around three themes : art, fashion and nude. We want that all, inspired amateurs, passionate and professionals can access this window, open for you, in the name of art. Do not hesitate to send us your best shots or your books at this address: **redaction@incarnatio.fr**



Artist : Sean Art



Artist : G&G
Model : Justine Le Coz



Artiste : **Bérengère Friess**



Artiste : **Matthieu Soudet**
Modèle : Alexana Fontvielle



Artist : **Lënaïck Botrel**
Model : Katia . M



Artist : **Michael Bauswein**



Artist : Dedalus
Model : Sasha Adler, Ester Baron, Stéphane Loubet, Victoriennne Mgn,
Justine Nikolaôev, Sophie Pratts, Floriane Katarina Ribière



NORMAL Magazine
Incarnatio Editions
22 rue Vicq d'Azir, 75010 PARIS
Contact : redaction@incarnatio.fr
www.normal-magazine.com



Chief Editor :
Philippe Guédon
philippe@incarnatio.fr



Art Director :
Guillaume Rogez
guillaume@incarnatio.fr

Sales & Marketing Director :
David Alexandre
david@incarnatio.fr

Section Editor :
Marc-Antoine Ravé
marc-antoine@incarnatio.fr

Tanslation :
Sarah Nathan

Legal Department :
Guillaume Delecroix
communication@incarnatio.fr

Proof Reading :
Rozenn Etienne

Diffuseurs :
IPS Diffusion
Export Press

Press Distribution :
Agence KD / Eric Namont

Editorial Board :
Paul Luro
Alexandre Delarge

Press Relations :
Sissi Senuchki
sissi@incarnatio.fr



Modèles : Beladona & Karla Rodrigues Pires / Make Up : Anais Frezet
Photographe : Nilakantia / La rédaction aux Invalides

L'Œil
de la PHOTOGRAPHIE

FOCUS
NUMERIQUE

festival
regard

fotofever

SALON
de la
PHOTO

Winter
2015

Any total or partial reproduction of all or part of this issue is strictly prohibited and constitutes an infringement of Article L.713-2 of the Code of Intellectual Property and will be prosecuted. The whole of this publication falls under French and international legislation on copyright and intellectual property. All rights of reproduction are reserved, including for downloadable documents as well as the iconographic and photographic representations.

INCARNATIO / SAS
ISSN number 2272-0596

INCARNATIO S.A.S. social capital of 100,00€
Printed in Lithuania
ISSN 22-72-0596

*Vous pouvez directement
commander votre
prochain magazine
en nous contactant.*

Rejoignez nous sur :

